

Earth First!

Mabon 1991

Vol. XI, No. VIII

THE RADICAL ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL

September 23

THREE DOLLARS

*Conflict At The Shawnee's
Fairview Timber Sale*

BY ORIN LANGELE

Shawnee Showdown!

On Friday, August 23, five trees were felled with tree sitting platforms attached before Earth First!ers could occupy them in the Fairview Timber Sale area of the Shawnee National Forest in southern Illinois. Then all hell broke loose in a most disgusting manner.

Chris van Daalen, co-founder of Save America's Forests, claimed he was run over by Brian Unnerstal, the main timber buyer for East Perry Lumber Company of Frohna, Missouri, when van Daalen attempted to blockade the pickup truck Unnerstal was driving on Monday, August 26. van Daalen suffered a broken hand and bruised ribs. Tire tracks are still visible across his chest. He was treated at a local hospital and released into the custody of Forest Service special agents. East Perry Lumber Co. has denied that the incident occurred, however, and the Forest Service agents and police have refused to arrest Unnerstal.

Sixteen other activists were arrested that day; thirteen for criminal trespass, and three others, including van Daalen, on federal charges. Jan Wilder-Thomas, an organizer of the Shawnee Defense Fund, had additional charges of aggravated battery filed against her when her hand allegedly brushed against the arm of one of the Jackson County Sheriff's Department's finest.

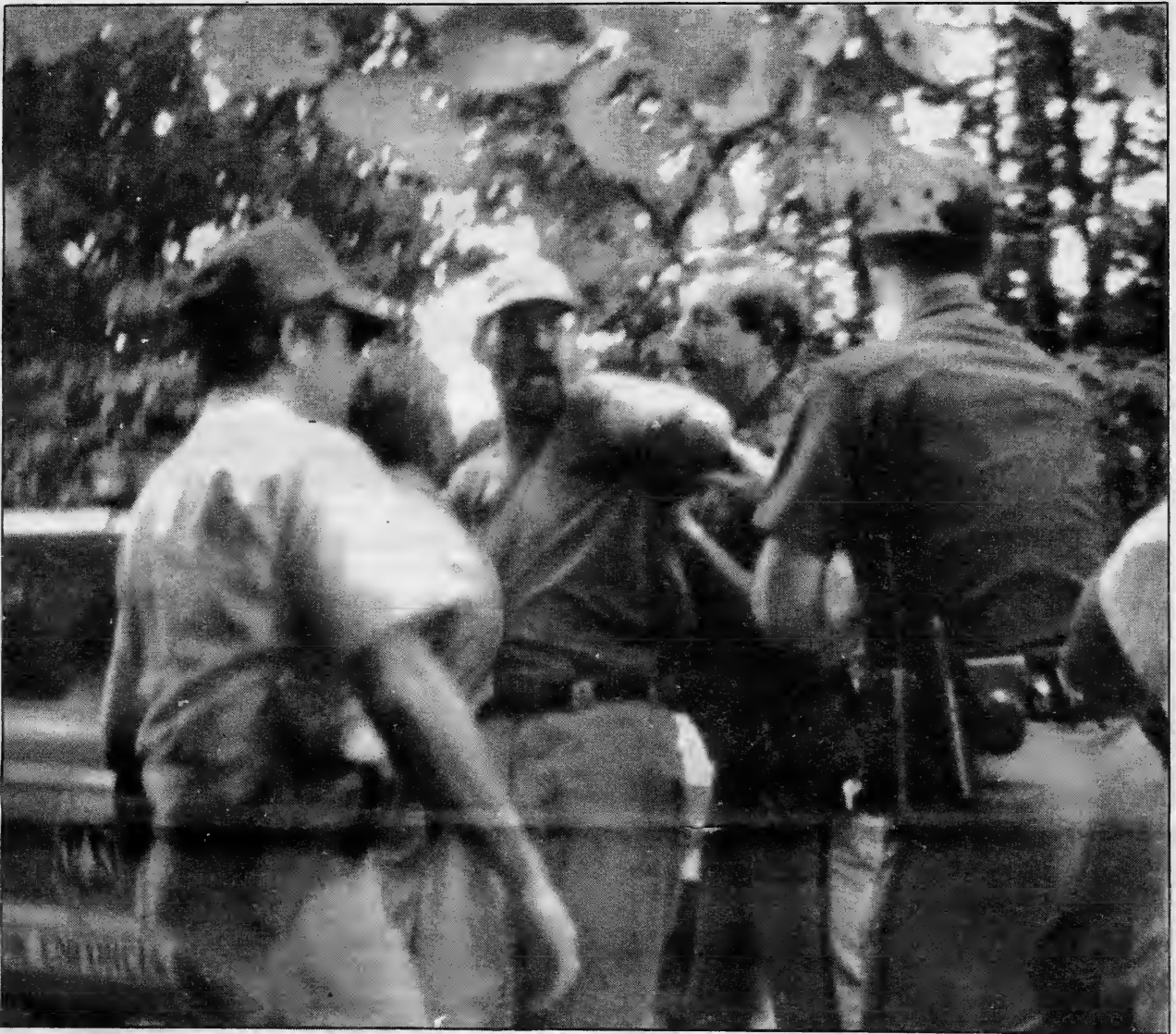
On Tuesday logging was shut down for over 30 minutes when three protestors stood in front of East Perry logging trucks about a half mile away from the logging entrance and conflagration of federal agents and police. There were no arrests.

On Wednesday van Daalen went before the Federal Building in Carbondale, Illinois, for a press conference and to show his wounds to the media. Earlier, the Shawnee Forest Supervisor, Rod Sallee, supposedly told the Harrisburg, Illinois, Rotary Club that van Daalen had painted the tire skids on his chest. If that is the case van Daalen did an excellent job complete with dirt left in his chest from the actual running-over.

On Thursday van Daalen and others went to the Federal Bureau of Inquiry in St. Louis, Missouri, for yet another press conference. Earth First! issued a press release accusing Unnerstal of attempted murder and is demanding that the Forest Service stop aiding and abetting and immediately arrest him. Earth First! is further demanding that all Federal Agents on the site be questioned as well as the District Ranger, Forest Supervisor and Forest Service Chief, F. Dale Robertson, about the Forest Service's complicity in this crime and subsequent cover-up.

On the way back to southern Illinois, five movement organizers were followed by a helicopter. When one of the organizers went to the back of the vehicle she was riding in, the helicopter swooped down, kicking up dust around the cars. The four door helicopter was observed carrying five white males with white shirts and sunglasses and the chopper itself had a blue insignia that no one recognized.

On Friday most EFlers got drunk with extreme prejudice and by any means necessary. Before that, 150 students rallied on the campus of Southern Illinois University in Carbondale (SIU-C) and marched to the Forestry School where the Forest Service has an experimental branch. The students demanded a say-so regarding university policy and protested on behalf of the need for preservation of natural biodiversity.



Bill Cronin says, "Bad cop, no donut!" to his arresting officer at the Fairview action in the Shawnee NF.

Earth First!, Greenpeace USA, Save America's Forests, The Regional Association of Concerned Environmentalists (RACE), Heartwoods and others, called for a massive demonstration on Saturday. People got into the Forest Service's face and were quite belligerent in belittling its idea of managing the Shawnee. Many opportunities for the shooting of still photographs and videos were taken by both sides.

Led by a drummer from Bolivia, a contingent of rowdies went into the forest. Two were led back under arrest by federal agents. Jim Flynn from Stumptown Earth First! and Paul Pat from Cannabis Action were caught on public lands by special Forest Service commandos in full camouflage with guns. After Flynn's arrest, a very nervous and shaky federal agent threatened to shoot him for trying to procure water from his daypack. Reports are that there are 40 special commandos in the forest. Further reports state that two camouflaged Freddie's almost shot themselves, each thinking the other was an Earth First!er.

Orin Langelles, a photojournalist and Earth First! organizer, was thrown over a ditch by Henry Sixkiller when Langelles complied with Sixkiller's order to leave Chataqua Road (specially paved for the timber sale with county money and now taken over by the United States government). Langelles tried three times to file a complaint of an assault by a Forest Service law enforcement officer with Jackson County Police and was refused. On Monday the state's attorney's office threw him out and Langelles went to the Forest Service and filed formal charges with them before he went to the FBI and did the same. Henry Sixkiller is believed by the Shawnee defenders to be complicit in the cutting-down of tree sitter James

Jackson in Texas. Sixkiller has been removed from the site, as has Forest District Ranger Larry Burkhart.

Later on Saturday, George Hayduke of the Anarko Beer Collective (it's as simple as ABC) rented the "Save the Snot Pigs" room at the Appledome Motel in Murphysboro, Illinois, where the special agents of the Forest Service bed down, effectively chasing them away to sleep restlessly elsewhere. It was not a pretty scene but no one was hurt. When the Forest Service dupes returned, bleary-eyed, in the morning, they were greeted by a blockade.

From the Appledome, Earth First!ers went to the Jackson County jail where Flynn was in custody and proceeded to "Flare for Flynn." Road flares and candles were used, much to the amusement of everyone in jail. Cool heads prevailed and the incarceration center was not torched.

There have been many other acts of collective courage against the Forest Service: as this goes to press, four people have been on a hunger strike since Labor day, and plan to continue until the sale is stopped. As of Saturday Sept. 7, thirteen more people have been arrested. Two, locked to a logging truck, were charged with unlawful restraint. They and the others, including four who showed up at the courthouse to post bail for those already held, were arrested and charged with *conspiracy* to commit unlawful restraint. Apparently, the Freddie's have also been busting bystanders and the situation remains tense. It is the view of people on site that the timber industry is moving full scale eastward since everything else out west has been

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EARTH FIRST!

NO COMPROMISE IN THE DEFENSE OF MOTHER EARTH!

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Same Shit for Another Year

BY TOHOMA TIM AND ALLISON

The word from the 1991 RRR is that the new EF! journal staff is doing a job... well... done.

At the meeting in the Green Mountains of Vermont, EF!ers could have made any and all changes on the journal, including moving it once more or dissolving it entirely.

Despite the bashing he received at the Northwest Rendezvous in June and despite rumors that he would be burned in effigy, Tim Bechtold again offered himself as the designated martyr for the Missoula based staff.

Although there were plenty of suggestions for improvement in how the journal is being run, everyone agreed that no major changes were necessary. The current system was given strong approval and will continue into the next year.

At the Boulder conference in October, 1990, called after the Tucson staff quit en masse, the activists who made it to the emergency conference agreed to move the journal

office to Missoula, and to run the paper as a rotating collective on a trial basis until the next RRR.

The current design of the journal is a direct response to problems that parts of the the movement had with the old Journal based in Tucson. Until the changes made at the Boulder conference, the EF! Journal was run by a permanent, paid staff. Some EF!ers were concerned that the Journal was losing its focus on activism, that certain articles and groups were being censored and that the Journal was not reflecting the diversity of the movement as a whole.

The new journal is published by a rotating staff. Half the staff is considered long-term, but these people can only work on six out of every eight issues. The other half is short-term editors who work for an issue or two. There is an attempt to balance the staff both by gender and by bioregion. Editors are paid a subsistence stipend of \$200/month, one quarter the salary of the old

staff. Short-term staffers are provided housing at the journal office while they are working for the paper.

The purpose of bringing in short term editors from different bioregions is to make the journal more accountable to and representative of the movement as a whole. Each new staff collective brings change to the journal, and this entire system may be changed or overhauled at each RRR.

One concern raised at the Vermont RRR was that some activists are unable or unwilling to leave their bioregions to relocate to Missoula. It was suggested that bioregional editors could be linked by computer networking, but no firm decisions were made about how or even if to proceed on this. Although computers could bring together distant bioregions, they could also exclude those who don't have access to or are philosophically opposed to computers. Bechtold said that the issue of using computers is regularly raised by incoming staff. As of right now, the entire paper is put together and edited on computer and all staffers must learn to use the machine. Big River EF! then suggested publishing the journal on stone tablets that could be thrown through corporate building windows.

Another issue raised concerned censorship. The current policy is no censorship of any letters or any individuals. Ironically, several people at the meeting felt that stronger editorial selection of articles and letters is needed, specifically referring to the printing of Ken Shelton Jr.'s letter to Dear Shit fer Brains. This is an issue that needs to be discussed by the movement; should some topics be excluded from the journal (e.g. advocated misogyny) or will this lead to the same overcensorship that caused so much anger with the old Journal?

It was agreed by the people at the meeting that the journal would place an ad in *Wild Earth* to show their readers that rumors of our demise have been greatly exaggerated, and to try to gain back some of the subscribers lost during the transitions of the last year. Ads will also be taken out in other environmental journals.

In the interest of showing mainstream America just how many of us there are, all EF!ers are now encouraged to buy at least five subscriptions; one for your grandparents, one to leave at the doctors office, one for your dog, one to be posted on the shithouse walls of the local stomper bar and one to be given to the FBI to be used for evidence at your own trial.



Don't Get Caught

BY DAVID VERMONT

As more of our friends and cohorts are being furnished with government accommodations, for longer terms, it behooves us all to pause and freshen up on our security. Everybody remotely involved in subversive activities (like reading *Ecodefense*) should try to keep basic measures in mind. A complete review of these is worthwhile, but for the moment here we're mainly concerned with just one of the fundamentals: *Don't talk about shit!*

Believe it or not, people have called us up here at the journal office and asked us how, say, to sabotage powerlines. Besides being a waste of time, since we don't know anything but the nitty and gritty of presses and pasteup and won't talk to you, this kind of thing is stupid and dangerous. Please assume that

our phone lines are bugged. Please don't burden us with tales of your illegal activities, unless you take appropriate precautions to insure your anonymity, i.e. cut out all those little letters from magazines and paste them together.

It's also worth facing the fact that, though we're pretty sure of ourselves so far, at some point a federal agency might manage to get someone onto the revolving collective for a couple issues. There's no way to insure against this, because we can't use the kind of standards that apply to choosing affinity groups, such as *liking* everyone. Don't necessarily trust us, and we'll all sleep easier.

The mailing list, by the way, is kept in the hands of the longterm staff, and remains as secure as it ever was. Stay wild!

EARTH FIRST!

Mabon

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Although we do not accept the authority of the hierarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us afoul of its police power.

Submissions are welcomed and should be typed or carefully printed, *double spaced*, and sent with an SASE if return is requested. Electronic submissions are even better, either on Macintosh disks or via Econet (send to "earthfirst"). Art or photographs (negatives are best, prints are good and slides are so-so) are desirable to illustrate articles and essays. They will be returned if requested. Please include explicit permission to reprint slides.

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Mary Lou Fox, Here
Bikini, There
Billbob, Everywhere
Allison Slater, Here and there
James Barnes, Not all there
Timothy Bechtold, Not telling

The Man in the Dark Room: Uncle Bill

Poetry Gatherer: Art Goodtimes

Contributing artists for this issue include: Sylvan, Lone Wolf Spirals, R. Cobb, Asante Riverwind, Mr. Fish, Dallan, Ginny Rosenberg, Gila Trout, b. von alten, Herblock

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SCHEDULE

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Subscriptions or questions should be sent to: Earth First!, POB 5176, Missoula, MT 59806

dear
shit
fer
brains..



All letters will be printed, unless they are a travesty. We will print a representative sample of letters expressing the same views. Contact us if you feel your opinion was not expressed. Type or neatly print and double-space your letters. Indicate if you wish to remain anonymous. Send letters to POB 5176, Missoula MT, 59806. The opinions expressed here represent only their authors, and are not official positions of the Earth First! journal staff or movement.

Dear Friends in EFi

Normally, we mad scientists keep to ourselves in mountainous areas and don't even like people to think about us. However, an article in the San Francisco Examiner, on April 14, 1991, revealed that an ex-CIA agent had used his superpowers to discover "a secret ploy to destroy mankind." Now that he knows, I guess it isn't really a secret. Somehow this master spy determined that we are "highly educated scientists" which of course means we don't care about the ignorant masses. He also revealed that we "are small organized clandestine cells working on the development of technologies to diminish or even eliminate the race of man from the Earth." Then it goes on about Earth First! as if we are working together on this or something. They quote an anonymous letter to the editor from a 1984 EFi journal which proves that your sympathies are with us even if we aren't working together.

Well, maybe we should be working together. They're already on to us, so we've got to act fast. We need about 50,000 rabbits right away. Cats would be OK. No chickens, please. Just take them to your local mad scientist remote secret laboratory...make the territorial call of a mountain chick-a-dee so we'll know it's you. Thank you for your help.
—A MAD SCIENTIST

P.S. Anyone with practical, hands-on experience in recombinant DNA would help tremendously right now. Differently abled welcome to apply.

Dear Bowel Movement (aka Ms. Oolians):

Dahlink, I just loved your latest urinal, especially the three white girls on coffee. Now your challenge is to find three women of color on herbal tea (you know which herbs). Seriously, it's great to finally see some folks from outside the Wild Rockies taking the plunge and helping to crank out that radical rag 'o yours. May all bioregions and subcultures send their wittiest and wildest humanoids to tackle the paper, eventually.

Sorry to say that I am officially resigning as slave to the National Hotline. Interest and input have been scant, and the monthly phone cost would be better spent elsewhere. If anyone has strong feelings about this, I'd love to hear from you.

Here in the San Francisco Gray Area, our local EFi hotline is alive and well. It's a way for folks who're getting in touch with us for the first time to learn a bit about EFi and leave their name & address if they wanna get on the local mailing list. And a way for supporters to check in and hear what's going on, without our having to staff a phone regularly. I'd recommend the idea to any local EFi group that's in a major city, or that gets enough calls to be keeping you from your other work,

and many of the calls are asking for the same basic info or to get on your mailing list. If you're curious about the idea of a hotline, give ours a call at (415) 647-9160. Let us know what you think, muchachas.
—DANIEL BARRON

Dear Earth First:

Thank you for your kind reply to my previous letter (see copy of your reply enclosed).

I cannot understand why a non-profit organization like yourself would be such smart-butts to someone who is interested in donating money to support such a worthy cause as yours.

With the kind of attitude that you have, you will be happy to know that I have taken the \$400.00 that I was going to donate to Earth First and have forwarded it to another organization. Also, a copy of your reply to my original letter will be sent to Greenpeace, Students for Environmental Awareness in Athens, Ga., and to Paul Beck. I sent the same letter to Greenpeace asking for the same information and they were kind enough to reply with a newsletter and membership information without any smart remarks. Well, Greenpeace won me over.

I am not returning the newsletter that you sent to me. Though I have not read it and will not read it, you will be happy to know that I have recycled it (my puppy has enjoyed using it). Sincerely,
—GARY SULLIVAN

The original "smart butt" reply:

At the moment, there are no men in the office, only women, so we weren't sure what to do with your letter addressed "Dear Sirs..." But, we decided to handle it anyway. The point I'm sarcastically making is that there are many women in the movement and in the world, so the manner in which you address is inappropriate.

Along with an issue of the Earth First! journal, which contains information on subscribing and such, here are a couple of contacts in your area: [contacts listed]

Dear Shit fer Brains,

Noticed in the last issue of the journal that the article on the NW Rendezvous in the Siskiyou mentioned people by their complete names (first & last) without asking those people whether that was OK to print. Well, it's not—not in my case, and others may feel the same way. Some of us live quietly in rural areas filled with loggers, ranchers and the like as our close neighbors. We can't "come out of the closet" as EFlers in our local areas and do any effective work there or even continue to live there. Some of us have bought land to live on at considerable expense or worked long & hard to achieve a certain respect for our opinions on the part of local would-be antagonists—we don't want all this wrecked for us by a dumb oversight on the part of writers contrib-

uting to the journal—so could we please have an editorial policy on the part of the journal that no one's real or full name will be printed without their permission? Why is it necessary to say "Sandra Nelson" or "Joe Smith" was at an EFi Rendezvous, read poetry there, incited a riot there, whatever? Can't we say "Muskrat incited a riot", "Two of our long-term bards treated us to some of their poetry" etc.? Please solicit other opinions if necessary but deal with this. I don't want my name to appear. You know who I am.
—NIGHTHAWK

Dear Shit Fer Ears,

On July 8, 1991 while doing a pickup for the ill-fated agro-commando Egotopian Summer II backcountry action in the Headwaters forest, I was struck upside the face so hard I was knocked unconscious, lacerated, and severely bruised. Everyone said I oughta sue the thug, Mark, that hit me. I said that I rather not get caught in a sue knot. Here are a few reasons why not.

Engaging the courts to seek justice against my assailant means propping up the very infrastructure my lifework seeks to bring down. I become an activist for lawyers, judges, and cops; three types of people the world would be healthier without. The less contact with these people, the less influence and authority they have in my life. I don't pay taxes so why should I employ the state to help me settle a quarrel? However, had I been permanently damaged, the courts would have been my last resort. I was lucky.

People saying that if I sue not, then a precedent will be set for further acts of terrorism against people of conscience. Look back at history; when haven't dissenters been beaten or worse? The courts supposedly ruling this land are repressing harder and violence is rising. I am setting a precedent for not playing into the hands of the impotent courts. The TV lobotomized, death culture drones, like Mark, are only the symptom of deeper cultural/ecological problems.

How will I seek justice? Continue to not pay income taxes. Develop and maintain a sustainable lifestyle outside the wage/slave system. Heal myself, the spirit and the earth. Also, keep Mirth First!

So, above are some of the reasons why I choose not to get caught in a sue knot. Succinctly, engaging the courts and their infrastructure supports their existence (or, define an enemy and em-

power it), the courts have always sided with the dominant culture, and self-sufficiency renders justice while debilitating infrastructure. By self-sufficiency I mean growing one's own food, treating one's own sewage, living outside the wage/slave system, living without PG&E (Pacific Gas and Electric), living without packaging, basically, living in a free and empowered mode. Unfortunately, methinks organizing debilitates self-sufficiency. Also, hierarchy and ego are endemic to organization, and violence is a part of nature.

Just say GROW!
From the Heart,
—ELKERTIM

Dear friends

I urge you hurry up the conversion to 100% recycled paper, though I'm sure it's much more expensive. I like your cartoons, and find that we (and most of USA) have a common need: to expose the unconstitutionality of the FBI. Stay open to different opinions.

Best,
—PETE SEEGER

Dear Shit fer Brains,

I'm listening to Forman at the '87 RRR talk about EFi as a warrior society and putting the Earth first, and not trying to gain credibility, and no compromise and I wonder what happened? I see a bunch of whiney, feminist, geeko computer programmers all trying to turn EFi into a dress wearing, letter writing, debating society of wimps. Rationality, ego, and cowardice seems to be driving EFi into the Greenpeace sellout corner.

I am wild, hairy, "woo-woo" and not ashamed of wanting the absolute collapse of civilization. I am a Luddite! I wonder if there are any other wild-ass Luddites of either sex left out there?
—DOGMAN

Dear Earth First!

I enjoyed reading my first EFi Journal last week. You've got a lot of information in the Journal. I am wondering if you could do us busy environmentalists a favor. First of all, any articles requesting letter writing about congressional bills need to contain the bill numbers. Second, it would really help if you could include a brief (1 or 2 page) news summary, with a paragraph or so summarizing each issue and any action we can take.

Thanks a lot!
—MARGARET NEUMAN

more SFB on page 28

Dear Earth First

I drew this picture for the new Earth First news paper. As a junior member I would like to tell you about it. This is a picture of a fat, chasing George Bush and Dan Quayle it is called.

ANIMALS
NEED
A LIFE

Your junior member
& friend, Josh Prior

Earth First



Animals Need A Life



Feral Folks Forestall Foresters' Folly

BY CAM WALKER, Melbourne EF!

After a period of calm in regards to the logging of old growth forests in New South Wales (to avoid conservation becoming a difficult issue in the state elections,) Chaelundi is back in the news. The Forestry Commission of New South Wales (FCNSW) has charged back into this remnant forest (with the Police riding shotgun in the best Western movie tradition) to attempt completing its illegal road and begin logging operations in three compartments. A sizable force stands in its way.

Chaelundi is located adjacent to the Guy Fawkes River National Park in northeastern NSW (roughly 90 km northwest from Coffs Harbour.) The area is part of a nominated wilderness area (originally identified in 1976) and the National Parks and Wildlife Service is still completing its assessment of wilderness values under the Wilderness Act, and will be reporting to the Minister for the Environment by the end of this year. However, if the FCNSW is allowed to carry out its plans for roading and logging, there won't be any "wilderness qualities" to protect.

Chaelundi is a prime old growth forest composed of tall, open forests of New England blackbutt, silvertop stringybark and tallowwood. Some trees are up to 600 years old. Scattered in the gullies and on some ridges are pockets of stunning cool subtropical rainforest. Chaelundi is also significant as it may contain the highest density of arboreal mammals in NSW. One study report states that "the mean density of arboreal mammals per kilometre... was 44." The highest reported density in Victoria is 28/km; the previous highest record in NSW was 30/km. The area is rich not only in individual animals but also in number of species. The yellow-bellied glider, squirrel glider, rufous bettong, long-nosed potoroo and Basings River mouse are some of the mammals that live in these forests. This population also supports an array of predators such as the powerful, masked and sooty owls, and the spotted-tailed quoll. These latter four species are all under threat of extinction. A number of other threatened species exist in Chaelundi's forests including birds, reptiles, and amphibians.

Tall old growth forests are poorly represented in reserves (being too "important" to waste on conservation). Only a fraction of the original old growth of NSW remains (between 3.5 and 4%). Chaelundi only covers an area of around 7,000 hectares, and becomes increasingly important as other remnants of old growth disappear. It has important wilderness values, and is being considered for inclusion in the proposed 113,000 hectare Guy Fawkes River Wilderness Area. There are also aboriginal graves within the areas earmarked for logging—an area of concern that needs to be addressed properly by the Greens as well as the Forestry.

In March 1990, a six-day blockade successfully kept a FCNSW bulldozer from continuing a logging road into the heart of the forest. When it became apparent that the FCNSW was going to move into the forest again, the North East Forest Alliance (NEFA) felt compelled to establish a new blockade, which was set up on the 2nd of April this year.

On the 23rd of July, the FCNSW, escorted by about 40 police, started clearing what the police referred to as a "public road." They weren't



Ned makes a stand at a grader.

interested in the fact that the road was illegal, and about 100 arrests were made in the first eight days until the FCNSW "closed" the forest, making it an offence for people to remain in Chaelundi. The spirited and determined defense (with up to 120 people on the blockade at one time) included innumerable obstructions on the road. Tactics included car blockades, teepees and tripods with people perched up to 40 feet off the ground, large drainpipes dug into the road with activists chained inside, rock walls, and occupation of equipment such as graders and bulldozers. Despite trying conditions and the desperate nature of the situation, all protests have been non-violent. The determination and bravery of those at the blockades has been inspiring. Local residents from all over the north coast have answered the call for help and new people are appearing to replace those who have to leave.

The Earth First! presence has been very noticeable, both visibly (in terms of banners) and also in terms of tactics. These north coast folk are a wild and unruly lot, and the Wilderness Society style blockades with central hierarchies and a narrow definition of Non-Violent Action just wouldn't work here. This has been an amazing struggle by a local community to defend its life zone (some people having spent months in the forest), and should act as inspiration for future actions.

On the 1st of August, when the forest was closed, the blockade moved to a bridge at Dalmorton, about 30 km from the original base camp. Last time the FCNSW used this tactic to quell legitimate protest, the people charged with being in a "prohibited" forest had their charges dropped (when they appealed) on the grounds that it was unlawful for the NSW Forestry Commission to close the forest to facilitate an unlawful logging operation! That they are using this law again shows how desperate the situation is for them as public opinion is demanding protection of old growth forests.

Over the weekend of the 3rd and 4th of August, protestors returned to the "closed" forest in order to supply the camp that remained in the nearby Guy Fawkes National Park. The FCNSW bulldozer and grader that remained in the forest are doing horrific damage. Apart from the new base camp at Dalmorton, many protestors have "gone feral" within the forest in order to carry out harassment of police and forestry operations.

"We will blockade any illegal operations within the forest, forcing more arrests and confrontation," was the word from a NEFA spokesperson. "We are not going to give in and go away!"

What You Can Do:

Get involved!

*Write to Nick Greiner, Premier, Parliament House, Sydney, 2000, NSW, asking him to cancel the proposals to log such a significant forest.

*Send donations to NEFA (c/o Big Scrub Environment Centre, 88a Keen St., Lismore, 2480, NSW)

*Join the blockade. Contact NEFA on (066) 213278



Tubular Dude at Bart Camp

Photo: Melbourne EF!

Arizona Conspiracy Trial Ends In Plea Bargain

BY KAREN PICKETT

A couple of figures trudged up the long trail towards the San Francisco Peaks on a chilly night in early October, 1987. Though this trail would eventually lead to a wilderness area, and these travellers were certainly nature enthusiasts, it was not the designated wilderness area containing Arizona's highest peaks where they were headed. They were not visiting the venerable Bristlecone pines; they were not there to feel the presence of the wild ones: the spotted owl, the bear, the goshawk in this place, the only alpine tundra in Arizona. Not this time. This night they had a very specific mission, directed at the aberration on the peaks. A ski development, grandfathered in via an old Forest Service permit when the Peaks area became wilderness was now a lucrative corporate venture in an inhaling in the wilderness. It had started out as a small ski area, but in 1979, "improvements" were approved to increase the skier capacity nearly six fold, involving the clearing of a stand of old growth and a serious compromise of the fragile topsoil of the high peaks. The increased development ran roughshod not only over the forest and its inhabitants, but also over native people in northeastern Arizona, who have long considered the peaks a sacred place. The Hopi say they were the first humans to inhabit this land, and the San Francisco Peaks are their temple. They have been directed by their Kachinas who live there to keep the mountains undefiled by destruction. The Navajo also revere the mountain, regarding it as the place of their origin. The Indian tribes have fought the ski facility ever since it became a for-profit business. This they likened to the Christian concept of "money changer in the temple." Their opposition did not stop it.

But sometimes there are other ways to counter defilement of sacred places, and of precious intact ecosystems by the destructive machinery of greed. It was thus that the hikers came to be on the trail up to the Peaks. It was a quiet night; the ski area, known as Fairfield Snowbowl, was shut down for the season. The hikers' destination was about the 9500' level, near the top of tree line. There sits the Agassiz chair lift, the trademark of Snowbowl.

The following day, Fairfield Corp. and local media outlets received an anonymous call informing them that there had been damage to pylons at the development. A few weeks later, before the resort opened for the winter season, several radio stations and newspapers received a letter claiming credit for damage done at Agassiz lift; bolts fastening the pylons to their base were cut, apparently with a cutting torch. The letter was from a group calling itself EMETIC, (for Evan Mecham Eco Terrorist International Conspiracy, "no relation to the former Arizona governor," the media was forced to report over and over). It suggested that Fairfield Corp., who had plans of further expansion into condominium development, might do well to "chain the Fairfield CEO to a tree at the 10,000 ft. level and feed him shrubs and roots until he understands the suicidal folly of treating the planet primarily as a tool for making money." Further, the EMETIC representative proposed *detente*. Fairfield, she said, "should stop its plans for growth and consult with appropriate spiritual authorities on the Navajo and Hopi reservations and agree not to operate at all on the days of greatest religious significance." It would be easier, after all, if enviros like EMETIC didn't have to spend their time opposing blights on the earth like Snowbowl. "It is colder than a Bruce Babbitt speech crawling around that mountain at night," wrote the EMETICer, "and all of us would prefer to return to our usual nocturnal diversion of pursuing meaningless relations in sleazy, but warm, bars. If our compromise is accepted," the letter went on, "Fairfield should place a small ad in the classified personals saying 'Uncle.' Otherwise, better hire more security." The Snowbowl owners responded by offering a \$25,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and prosecution of EMETICers. Several people are now vying for that very reward.

Plea Bargain Ends Trial

Although I don't quite believe the FBI's contention that the genesis of their investigation of Earth First! occurred when an Arizonan who had been involved in the planning of this nighttime hike offered his services to the Bureau as an informer, this incident represents a sort of coming full circle in the Arizona 5 Conspiracy trial. After two months of dramatic testimony, the trial came to an abrupt halt on August 13 when the five defendants stunned courtroom observers by announcing that they would accept a plea bargain deal that would have them plead guilty to one count each. The rest of the charges, property damage charges as well as the grandiose nuclear conspiracy the government was charging, were dropped. Even the charges related to attempted damage to the Central Arizona Project's transmission towers were dropped when three of the five were arrested, blowtorches in

hand, in a spectacular arrest scene involving heavily armed FBI SWAT commandos in May of '89.

The new charges are as follows: Mark Davis pled to the most serious charge, malicious destruction of property. Peg Millett pled to aiding and abetting destruction of property; under sentencing guidelines, the maximum sentence for those two is ten years plus possible restitution and/or \$250,000 in fines. Marc Baker and Ilse Asplund pled to knowledge of and failure to report a felony (called misprision), carrying maximum possible sentences of three years plus the same restitution and fines. Dave Foreman pled to conspiracy to commit property damage, the maximum possible sentence being five years also with a possible \$250,000 fine. This plea bargain was, by requirement of the court, a package deal. All five or none. One defendant couldn't bail from the agreement nor could one agree to accept it while the others went on with the trial. They reached a consensus decision to accept it in cooperative (and, one would imagine, excruciating) discussions.

When I shared the news of the plea bargain deal with a relative in the east, who is not in environmental or political circles, I answered her questions about the Snowbowl action: No, there was no one hurt, no threat at all to safety of people or other species for that matter; it just cost a big corporation a lot of hassle and money. "You mean THAT'S what this was all about?!" she said, incredulous. Well, it's not that simple. The damage at Snowbowl is not all the FBI's campaign or the court case is about. Despite the allegation of chief prosecutor Roslyn Moore-Silver at the onset of the trial that theirs was a "simple case" and they would easily prove what they called "terrorist activity," the case has been anything but simple and they certainly have not proved their allegations of terrorism. And if they had really wanted to prevent property damage, as they said, they probably could have arrested people for the Snowbowl I action and prevented some of the subsequent actions many, many months before they moved in. But their attempt to cast their barbed net wide over the Earth First! movement didn't meet with success either. They didn't come even close to proving their grand allegation of a multi-state nuclear conspiracy even though they invested well over \$3 million of taxpayer money, employed over 100 FBI agents, used wiretaps, house bugs and "body wires" to collect nearly 1000 hours of secretly recorded conversations. They spent well over three years infiltrating Earth First! (just how long we may never know) and building their case, but by the first of August their case was falling apart, thread by thread, nerve by nerve. There was a good deal of speculation that prosecutors and FBI agents in charge of the case feared damaging testimony from their next star witness, undercover agent Mike Fain, who not only uttered the now famous "pop Foreman" quote on tape ("Foreman . . . is the guy we need to pop to send a message. And that's all we're really trying to do.") Later in the investigation Fain expressed misgivings about the way the investigation was going, saying, "I've got entrapment problems here."

What the government got from the plea bargain deal was felony convictions and a chance to end the case before having to overcome charges of entrapment that focused on Fain. Said a former prosecutor in the case, "I'm not surprised at the deal. The government might have ended up losing the conspiracy case against Dave Foreman and that would have been embarrassing. The government also got to get across its message that if you cross a certain line, they will be there to stop you." (In fact, Foreman's current conspiracy [to commit property damage] charges have nothing to do with the original nuclear conspiracy charges.)

Entrapment Rampant

There is no doubt that trepidation was brewing in the government's camp as Fain's appearance in court approached. The attorneys for the defense had been building a pretty solid case for entrapment. The government's #2 star witness, snitch Ron Frazier, had admitted that he had participated in the planning of Snowbowl I, and had in fact trained Mark Davis in the use of a cutting torch, the key tool in that action. Frazier enticed Mark for over a year with stories of his ability to procure thermite, an incendiary capable, he told Davis, of burning through thick metal, e.g., the bottom of transmission towers. He also tried to encourage the use of explosives, despite the activists' avowed aversion to employing any methods that might endanger living beings.

After Frazier's often bizarre testimony (see accompanying piece), Fain's obvious manipulation and gross psychological opportunism could have capped the case for entrapment for the defense. Fain, a 20-year FBI agent, the government's own, was the focus of the entrapment charges. Tapes that had not yet been played in court show that Fain clearly set up a break-in at the Arizona Public Service Co. supply depot to get

metal for cutting torch practice. He tried to involve Millett, then Davis, by convincing them to be look-outs, suggesting he could do the raid himself—he'd found the place, located the metal, had the tools to break in, but by making sure one of the activists was there, they would be implicated and one more piece of the government's puzzle would be in place.

The defense, too, had much to fear from Fain's performance on the stand. Although the defense attorneys had done a superb job of discrediting Frazier via exposure of extensive drug use, an immunity deal cut with the feds and county, the *de facto* brainwashing session with a hypnotist and the FBI two months into his FBI employ, and his personal motives, it might be different with Fain. One of the defendants told me her impression of Fain was that he was like Mike Roof (head of the FBI's SWAT team, a Darth Vader type) and she suspected he would be fairly impenetrable. Besides, he had recorded brainstorming sessions wherein some wild ideas popped out of people's mouths; he had recorded enthusiastic responses to scenarios he was suggesting from people trying to be a friend to him and let him feel part of the group. Some of these conversations, chopped and edited and presented totally out of context to a conservative jury (whom, you can bet, *doesn't* engage in brainstorming sessions in their living rooms *re*: how to stop the destroyers of the planet) could be twisted to appear to support the government's claim of terrorism. They understood the game they were playing and they were playing hardball.

Who Benefits, Who Loses?

What, then, does this plea bargain deal offer, to either side? Since we will never know what would have happened if the case had gone to the jury, much is up for speculation. The deal offers resolution harsher than acquittal, harsher than a hung jury, but considerably lighter sentencing possibilities than if the defendants had been convicted of even half of what they were originally charged with. Would the government have won convictions as their devious ways became clearer and clearer? Do any of the jurors think it's okay for the government to spy and entrap, if they are crusading against activity like monkeywrenching? We'll never know.

A certain amount of the monumental stress that has been on the defendants has been lifted, though for some it has been replaced with the stress of anticipating jail. But the stress of looming uncertainty has been somewhat relieved. At this point, perhaps, the healing of wounds inflicted by betrayal, gross invasion of privacy and assault on personal relationships can begin. When pleas were entered before the judge, he asked, to determine stability of mental state, whether any of the defendants had undergone psychiatric counseling. Ilse Asplund answered that in fact she and her children, aged four and seven, had undergone family counselling to help them deal with the betrayal of someone they had treated like family. Her kids were one and four when Ron Frazier first became their friend, babysat frequently for them and over time developed a close relationship with them. Ilse told me outside of court she feels that the damage done to the Snowbowl Ski development is nothing compared to the damage done to families, and moreover, is much easier to repair. What do you tell a little boy, she asks, when he wonders why this person he trusted betrayed him so? And how does she now relate to other people, knowing that this person who "was pouring his heart out, and *crying*, and listening to my heart pour out, was TAPING the goddamn conversation! That psychological warfare was part of their scheme."

Nuclear Conspiracy Charges Dropped

By and large, their scheme failed. They got convictions, true, but compared to the list of charges in the original indictments, the charges are piddling (though they are all felonies) and the fact that they didn't prove their nuclear conspiracy, the centerpiece of their case, is significant. However, the government did in part achieve several of their auxiliary goals besides the convictions, e.g., attempting to portray EF! activists as violent. By repeatedly putting the idea out that these people were out to seriously sabotage nuclear facilities and possibly cause a meltdown, that idea became somewhat ingrained. (Not unlike hammering home the idea that there are crazy EFlers in California who tried to blow themselves up. . .) I saw several newspaper stories that reported that people were charged with trying to *blow up* power lines, a popular idea but totally untrue. Also, the popular press has increasingly been suckered into characterizing monkeywrenching as an empty form of political protest, thanks to FBI and industry propaganda.

The intimidation factor is hard to quantify, but it was at work when the prosecution called the printer and typesetter of the book *Eco-Defense* to the witness stand, not to extract relevant information, because

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High Thoughts from Walbran Valley

BY FREEBIRD

BWAAP...BWAAP...BWAAP. The signal from the airhorn tells us the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are here again. It's 5:30 am, August 20, 1991. Another day of the battle to save the Walbran Valley begins.

This is my second day on a suspended platform. Seventy-five feet above the ground and suspended with ropes from one spruce and two cedar trees, my new home is one of two in the area known as Glad Lake West, where we have our base camp. The platforms are our most effective tactic yet to stop Fletcher Challenge's road building plans in this valley (or so we thought). According to the RCMP's grading system, these platforms rate a 9 or 10. Our road blockade on Monday, August 12, netted an 8. Previous blockades and tactics were no higher than a 1 or 2. We're definitely getting better at this!

Fletcher Challenge, a New Zealand based multi-national, is pushing ahead with plans to put roads through the Walbran, which is slated for clearcutting this winter. They're working in three areas known as Glad Lake Main, Glad Lake West and South Walbran. The Walbran Valley is part of the last 3% of unroaded, uncut, ancient rainforest left on southern Vancouver Island. Vancouver Island boasts clearcuts so large they're visible from the space shuttle. There are Sitka Spruce trees 2,000 years old in the Walbran. Marbled Murrelet nests have been found here, but there is no Endangered Species Act in Canada. You can still drink the water from the creeks and rivers. Next door to the north, half of the Carmanah valley was saved by the government turning it into a Provincial Park. It's basically our only hope here in the long run.

We had two suspended platforms up in GLM last week but Forest Commission loggers escorted by RCMP cut those down before we could get anyone in them. They've also cut down ones at base camp as well as the conspiratorial trees. We've learned from our mistakes; we're in our platforms now and we're not coming down. And, we can't be cut down without being seriously injured or killed. The road stops here!

I've been here at base camp almost two weeks now but it seems like months. The first weekend I was here I was part of a team of 27 people who helped prepare the 8-rated road blockade. At a narrow point in the road leading to all three road-building areas, with a cliff leading up on one side and on the other stretching down for a couple hundred feet, we maneuvered a long dead tree across the road so that more than half of it stretched over the side. We had the log weighed down on the road with a trashed, spray-painted van filled with rocks and boulders. On the other end we had Noel suspended on a platform, dangling above the chasm. Any attempt to move the log or the van would mean certain death for our friend. Before they figured it out, Fletcher Challenge flew in their workers by helicopter because their darn vehicles were just stuck there! It took them half a day, but in the end a crane was brought in, and an RCMP officer was lowered down on a platform to make his bold arrest. If our log was ten or 15 feet longer, the crane would not have been able to extend out to that distance.

Thursday, August 15, was the day we were trounced out of our campsites at 6 am. FC decided they were going to continue the road through Glad Lake West, which had not gone anywhere for a while. We were given 45 minutes to pack up and clear out, including our kitchen. We moved to the other side of the bridge (FC built the bridge and then stopped work, and that's where we set up camp) and then they felled a tree right through where our kitchen used to be. A lot of us spent that day in the woods, not wanting to deal directly with any officers of the law. I finally took that four-hour hike I'd wanted to do!

That week also saw a failed person-in-concrete-in-the-road blockade, a total of five platforms and three hammocks cut down, and five more arrests. Every time a tree/platform sitter is



Buddy hangs a banner at the edge of the new road leading to the last 3% of rainforest in southern Vancouver Island, in danger of being clearcut this year.

Photo: Western Canada EPI

arrested we lose that person's gear as well. It's quite a collection the cops have now; there've been over 20 arrests since we set up base camp over a month ago. The charge is criminal contempt of court for disobeying a court injunction to stay out of the area while work is going on.

Last week also saw the continuation of FC's media campaign against us. Their full page ad the previous week was followed with a smear campaign by way of a claim that they have suffered \$45,000 worth of damages to their vehicles at the hands of saboteurs. Neither I nor anyone else has yet seen their evidence, but the letters to the editors are flowing with words of "anarchy," "hooligans," etc. You've seen it all before. FC now has hired thugs from "Kiwi Security" who sit in their cars and watch us and their equipment 24 hours a day at the three sites. The RCMP has a 24-hour mobile station nearby at "Checkpoint Charlie," where another security dupe records vehicles entering and leaving the Walbran. Over the weekend of August 17-18, when our numbers swelled to approximately 100 people due to a "Wilderness in the Walbran" gathering we hosted, reports were that 60 RCMP officers were "on call" should anything happen. We have visits from them at least three or four times a day now and helicopters buzz us at treetop level at the same rate. If it seems like there's a mini-war going on, well, you're right. There is. And the battles are raging on all fronts.

In Victoria, the home of the British Columbia government, the Environmental Youth Alliance hung a banner between two spruce trees in front of the legislature buildings. People have been gathering, marching, and holding vigils not only for the Walbran forest but also in support of the arrested activists. A young woman is still on a hunger strike last time I heard; it's going on five weeks now. (16-year old Sarah Turner and 14-year old Katie Meglic fasted for 28 days. -ed)

Sierra Legal Defense is fighting in the courts to challenge the court injunction FC got to keep us out of the cutting areas (we lost), as well as challenging the legitimacy of their cutting plans on technicalities.

There have been lots of full colour pictures in the local media including one showing a

logger holding a protester by the throat and his hand fisted and ready to punch. What the paper didn't report, though, was that the two of them talked it out and agreed the problem was with Fletcher Challenge and the province's forestry practices.

Wednesday, August 21: Day 3 in the platform. Awakened again by the airhorn. The sun is up higher today compared to when they came in yesterday. First the FC hacks and RCMP hike over to me, ask me if I'm willing to come down, read me the injunction over a bullhorn (usually accompanied by shouts, yells and howls by whoever of us is in the area), then again ask me if I'm willing to come down. It's a struggle to control my rage as they insult me by asking me this ludicrous question! Then they leave and do the same ritual to the front platform sitter on the way out. It's Day 2 for him after relieving the previous sitter yesterday morning. I'm prepared to stay as long as it takes. Logistically, it's working out well for us. Our main kitchen, which is now on the other side of the bridge, has been supplying our front platform with food and water and support. I'm about a ten minute hike in from there, at a spot where FC loggers are blocked if they just went around our front platform (or so we thought). I'm above the Bender Camp, which has been my support. The possibility exists that the Bender Camp will be forced to vacate; I'll deal with that if and when it happens.

Listening to loggers and FC hacks you'll hear talk of "overmature" and "useless lumber." They need to clearcut or they'll lose their jobs. You've heard all that before too. At \$32 an hour these guys aren't starving. But they might go hungry after they clearcut all their jobs away. Make way for the pesticides, herbicides, monocultured, sprayed seedlings. They call this a tree farm. Driving through the valleys you'll see more clearcuts than tree farms. But that's only if you drive away from population and the tourist areas. There are people called "outdoor landscape design engineers." They get paid a lot of money to figure out, with the aid of computer visuals and programs, where to put the next clearcut so the least number of people will see it. Also on the scene is the PR firm of Burson Marsteller Ltd,

helping to make clearcutting more palatable to an already disgusted public. BM Ltd. is best known for their work with Tylanol after the cyanide scare and with Union Carbide after the Bhopal massacre.

This is public land, but the public doesn't have any rights to the trees. Those rights are basically given away to the forest killing industry by way of Tree Farm Licenses. We're sitting on part of TFL 46.

As I sit here swaying with the breeze, taking in the sun naturally, I think about what I'm doing and what it means. I am Pagan. I am of the Earth. What I'm doing is my way of making ritual; I'm creating magic. I'm defending my home, and the home of my comrades. It's the home of the trees and the rivers, creeks, falls and of all the species of life this ecosystem supports. I look out over a sea of green and brown. The tallest trees sway incredibly and support nests at their tops. Ravens caw as they follow the path of the river. The river is always speaking as it flows with the news of its life toward the ocean. The sun shines down through the trees as it passes overhead. We've been blessed with no rain in this temperate rainforest for two weeks now. The last rains raised the river seven feet and washed a lot of our first kitchen downstream. We learn to live with and respect our home. The three trees supporting my platform form an almost perfect triangle. As I lie on my back and look up, those trees and others form an almost perfect design in the opening up to the sky of a three pointed space. I am directly beneath it. The shape it makes is like an arrow that has been bent, with a shaft coming off the bend, which is the middle. The end of the arrow signifies where I've come from: its direction is northeast. My original home was in the northeast. The shaft part represents a detour I took: its direction is south, which is where I've been for the past two and a half years (Santa Cruz, Mojave Desert.) The arrowhead points to where I'm going, where I should be: its direction is northwest, which is exactly where I am now. I need no more confirmation than that to know that what I'm doing is right in body, mind, and spirit.

My plan was to go up to the Bender Camp platform on Sunday night. I thought it wouldn't matter that it was dark because I would be using ascenders on a line attached to the safety line above the platform, instead of having to climb a tree. Well, I learned two lessons that night: don't go up in the dark and ascenders don't work unless the line is attached to something solid like a tree. Since the safety line which the ascending line was attached to was springy, I couldn't get anywhere. On one attempt a branch caught my glasses and flung them off my face. We spent the next half hour finding them. On the following attempt I got a bit higher, but it was way too much effort and I knew that I wouldn't make it up. I was about 15 feet above the ground. The problem with ascenders is that you can't descend with them. I stepped out of the ropes and when my weight was off the line it sprang up, giving me a bit of a flip, and I landed flat on my back. I knew when to quit. I would climb one of the trees in the morning instead. RCMP and Fletcher Challenge dupes had not yet been down to the Bender Camp, so I figured that, plus the time needed for them to deal with the front platform sitter, would give me enough time to get up the tree after the airhorn signaled in the morning. It took me about 45 minutes to climb the tree. We've been using the three stirrup method. The top one is the safety line which you're always hooked into, and the bottom two are for your feet. A stirrup is a looped length of rope wrapped around the tree, one end through the other. Once I got up to the line suspending the platform and the safety line above it which runs directly above the platform, I clipped into the safety line and traversed across. I made it, but it wasn't over, because I then had to haul up my food, water and gear. Let me tell you, hauling five gallons of water up 75 feet to a platform is no easy task! But I had to get it all up before they came, so I did. Only after that could

I relax. The whole process from waking up to hauling took close to two hours, I think.

I put together about three days worth of food, but the kitchen below me has been sending up lots of hot food as well. If and when they're kicked out, this will become more of a challenge. I've spent a little time in jail, and I enjoy my own company, so this isn't too hard to do yet. The platform was originally three feet by four feet. I've since added some boards to make it six feet long. Now I can stretch out! The one thought I had was that they might try to lower someone from a helicopter. It would be both difficult and dangerous, especially if we did resist! The other option is to starve us out. Being a diabetic poses a few more concerns for my health. But we must save this forest, by any means necessary!

Thursday, August 22: Day 4 in the platform. RCMP and FC have just carried away Alan in a stretcher. No, he wasn't injured, he was protesting the eviction of the Bender Camp. They came in this morning with their chainsaws and started killing trees between the two platforms. We thought we had this area covered but apparently not. The RCMP forced everyone to leave the Bender Camp and everyone went peacefully, though slowly. Alan decided they would have to carry him out, which they did. Seems likely folks will be allowed back in the area after the day's work is done, though I'm good for two days if not. I could be good for longer but my supply of insulin will run out, so I'll either have to be replaced or folks will have to get me some. There's a person willing to relieve me tomorrow in any case, allowing me to go back to Vancouver for a shower, supplies, phone calls, letters, etc. I don't want to be gone longer than two or three days if possible.

FC loggers felled about five trees, but since the Bender Camp was vacated I've not seen or heard them. It seems to be a method they employ: come in the morning and disrupt our camp, cut a few trees, then leave. It's an intimidation tactic; they want to make sure we know who has the power. But we do know. Every single one of us has power, and united we have a strength no human-made machine can destroy. These people would be nothing to match us if it weren't for their laws and weapons.

Damn! Those fuckers came back. They're cutting trees around me. They're putting the

road around me instead. The relentless grinding of chainsaw on tree, over and over and over again. A really big one just went down. The crash was thunderous. "Yooohoo! Yooohoo!" yelled the loggers. Back patting all around. It's fucking Miller Time, boys! I see it all. Trees are falling no less than a hundred feet away. It's hard to say whether I feel more angry or depressed. I guess they're just switching off with each other. I'm crying a lot. I feel much grief. I apologise to the trees. I thought I was being effective. I thought we could save this area. I cry some more. Fuck, it's been awhile! After many hours it's finally over. The chainsaws have stopped for the day. Twenty trees died today. In my platform, gently swaying in the breeze, I hear the birds again. My tears give way to the sound of the river returning. The ravens fly over to inspect the carnage. The sounds of the forest begin to penetrate me again, begin to bring me out of my state of shock. My comrades are returning to see how I'm doing. "I'm okay," I say. "I'm angry," I say. Today was a hard day in the war zone.

I think that there must be more effective ways to stop this slaughter. Perhaps if our base camp weren't here we could use different tactics. We've stuck to the concept of no property destruction, more for the sake of possible consequences to the camp than ideology. Most people here are realizing the futility of passive resistance, or even the passive/confrontational style we've been using. But times are a-changin'. We even had a visit from some older folks last night who proudly wore t-shirts which said "Raging Gran-nies." They were heard to be very down on the concept of "non-violence." I think they may have some things to teach us!

I've been relieved by Buddy. I've gone back to Vancouver for supplies and a short break. I'll be back in the Walbran by the time you're reading this. The time is crucial. The rainforest needs us. The rainforest needs you! Your energy and support is very much needed. Rides and/or maps are available from Victoria. Call (604) 381-1141. Climbing gear is needed: ropes, spurs, harnesses, carabeneers, eights, etc. If you can't deliver it personally, send it, or send money, to Western Canada Earth First! Box 6491, Depot 1, Victoria, BC V8P 5M4 Canada. Find a Fletcher Challenge office or a BC government office and let them know what you think. Be creative! See you in the Walbran!



Puzzled cops and robbers...oops, loggers, try to figure out how to get past a roadblock without killing Noel, who is dangling from the end of the obstructing log.

Photo: Western Canada EFT

Animal Liberation vs? Radical Environmentalists

ALF Raid Unites Struggles

ANONYMOUS

In the early morning hours of August 13th, the Western Wildlife Cell of the ALF raided animal facilities and research offices at Washington State University in Pullman, WA. Seven coyotes, ten mice and six mink were freed. In Bustad Hall, researcher John Gorham's office was entered, computers smashed and files doused with what appears to have been sulfuric acid. Gorham was on vacation at the time.

Damage estimates for the raid, termed "Operation Bite-Back," were \$50,000.

In an anonymous press release, the ALF states that the USDA's Animal Disease Research Unit and the Wildlife Biology Furbearer Research Facility were targeted "due to their participation in research that benefits sheep ranching on American wilderness and fur farming of native wildlife...fur animal research at WSU serves the economic interests of animal researchers and ranchers who profit from animal exploitation and environmental destruction."

The seven coyotes, which were released from 3x5 foot cages at the USDA Disease Research Unit, were infected with sarcocystis, a domestic sheep disease. According to the press release, the disease flushes itself from canines within weeks, but is economically devastating to sheep ranchers, destroying the value of infected sheep.

WSU says the coyotes were "orphans" and were obtained from various agencies who found the animals. The ALF says the animals were orphaned by the USDA and its "genocidal campaign being waged against their species." The USDA's Animal Damage Control program was responsible for the slaughter of over 85,000 coyotes in '88 alone. According to the ALF, "the very reason coyotes end up in research labs like WSU's is due to the very industry that benefits from the research being conducted on them."

At the time of this writing, only two of the coyotes had been recaptured.

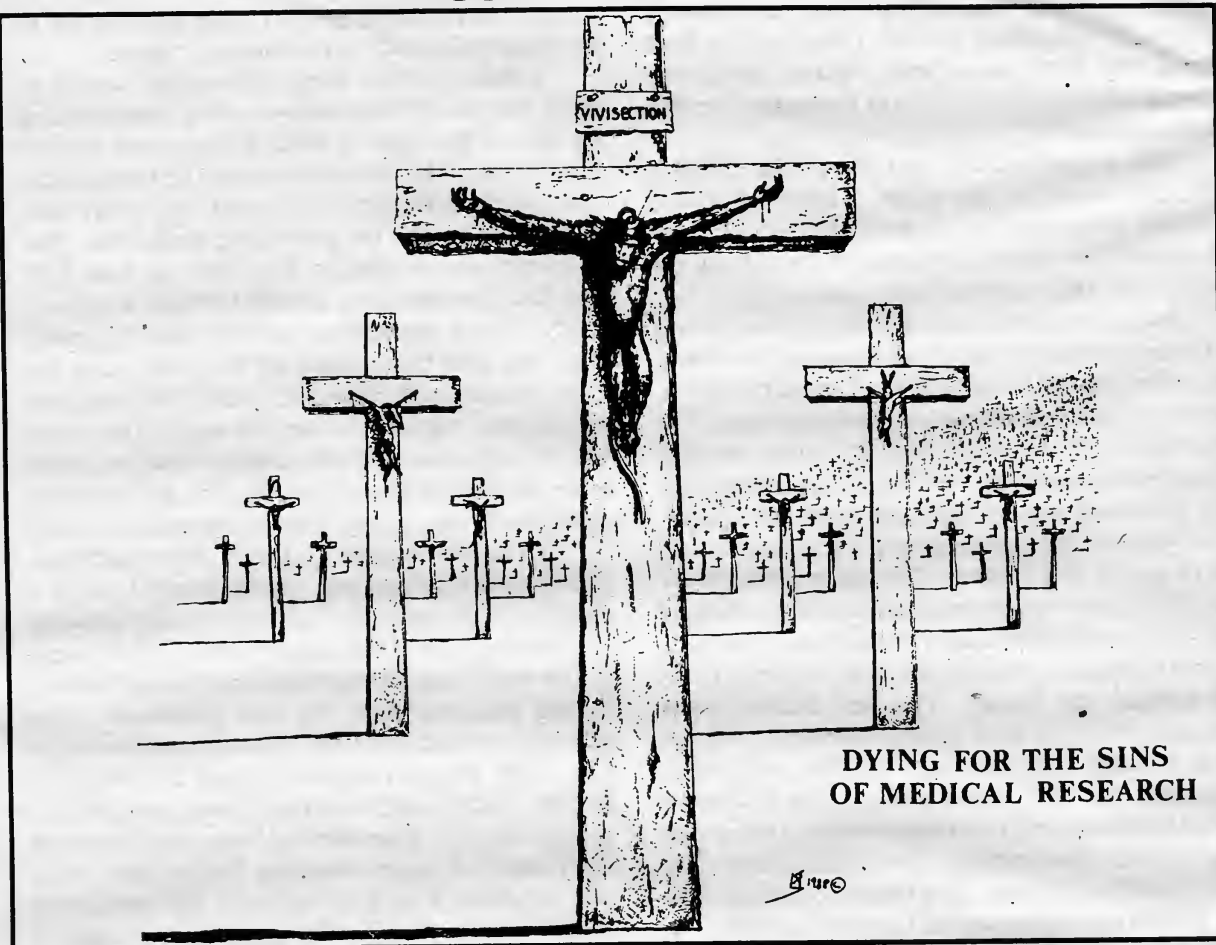
The six mink were taken from 1x2 foot cages on the university's USDA Animal Disease Research fur farm. The mink were being used to research scrapie, another disease which affects domestic sheep and fur farmed mink. The virus apparently shuts down the nervous system, so the animals are unable to eat, swallow or breathe. Because it is spread so easily, scrapie is a major threat to the beef, sheep and dairy industry. The mink taken during the raid, however, were not infected. Researcher Mark Robinson, a federally funded microbiologist at the USDA fur farm, has conducted this same research on mink for over eight years, research they admit causes extreme suffering in the mink.

WSU researchers claim the mink have "zero chance of survival" in the wild. This seems to be a bit of an exaggeration. As to their survivability, "ALF hold as evidence every mink population outside of North America as proof that captive bred mink are capable of reintroduction into native habitat. Mink are native only to North America, yet populations have been established in Scandanavia, Britain, Europe and Asia due to escapes and ALF liberations in these countries." According to Dan Mathews of PETA, who is acting as a spokesperson for the ALF action, the animals have been returned to the wild.

The ten mice had been irradiated the day of the raid. They've apparently been taken to homes "to live out their shortened lives without fear of further experimentation."

It seems this research is only the tip of the iceberg for WSU's exploitive activities. An article in the 7/15 *Spokane Chronicle* says the WSU campus alone has 16,000 research animals. Of these animals, 1,300 were used in "Type D" experiments, which involve pain and drugs. "...459 were dogs, 400 were hamsters, 220 were rabbits and the remainder were cats, guinea pigs, primates, grizzly and black bears, bighorn sheep, ferrets, beavers, horses and cows."

Another 95 animals were used in "Type E" experiments, which involve pain and no drugs. One such experiment was done by WSU researcher Fred Gilbert, a natural resources science



professor. Recently, he killed 15 beaver to test underwater traps. The purpose; to find a more "humane" trap. According to a 7/27 *Chronicle* article, Gilbert was recently refused a request to kill a dozen otter in similar tests. Also in Gilbert's "care" are four otter, two beaver, four marten and a fisher. WSU students use both the marten and the fisher for thesis research to test their oxygen consumption on a treadmill to "gauge how much energy they use." With that information they apparently decide how much food and land the animals need in the wild. Their concern is overwhelming. Graffiti on a USDA shed saying "Gilbert is next" was left during the raid, perhaps as a warning that he should quit before it's too late.

But the repercussions of this raid go beyond just the acts of sabotage and liberation themselves. A later *Chronicle* article called the ALF "radical environmentalists." If so, an important connection has been made. This action may be the first long-awaited step in bridging the unnecessary ideological gap between the animal rights/animal liberation movement and the radical environmental movement.

It seems the division between these two movements has always come down to one basic dichotomy...the individual vs the ecosystem, or wildness. One recent example of this is the Yellowstone Bison hunt. The hunt saboteurs, said by the media to be animal rights activists (or is it radical environmentalists?), are fighting for an increased Yellowstone ecosystem and a free-roaming wild bison herd, wild being the key word. The Fund for Animals, the DC-based animal rights group, was willing to see birth control methods introduced to the bison, provided that none were killed. The individual animal took precedence, and the issue of wildness was not addressed.

Another example is the recently completed fur-farm rehabilitation project by the Coalition Against Fur Farms (CAFF). Last winter, CAFF purchased fur farm animals in Montana under the guise of starting up a fur farm in California. The animals were then transported to Washington to be rehabilitated and released, a process which inevitably involved live feeding, a bone of contention for several animal rights groups. A total of 60 mink, four bobcat and two lynx have been released back into their native habitats. CAFF feels the only way for these animals to be free is to once again be wild. The animal rights groups, it seems, would rather have them live safer, longer lives on a sanctuary.

And the frustration has built on both sides. The radical environmentalists are termed "macho" and have no respect for individual lives.

The animal rights groups are "bunny huggers" who have no concept of wilderness issues. And both sides have very valid arguments.

But the real frustration lies in both sides failure to see the connection between these two issues, which is, after all, really only one. That one being the sacredness of life in balance.

The basic premise from which the animal rights groups are working is a good one, if narrow. They believe in the equality of all species. However, it is still coming from a human-controlled viewpoint. But with actions such as the WSU ALF raid, the broader connections are being made, and the animal rights groups are listening. For perhaps the first time, PETA, in support of the WSU raid, publically recognized the animal's need to be in the wild, a small but major step towards wilderness recognition.

Perhaps it's time for EF! to begin to recognize animal issues within the wilderness context. It's not enough to fight for wilderness alone. It's also necessary to look at the exploitation and suffering occurring on smaller levels, such as fur farms, and realize the impact it's having on the larger ecosystem. Fur ranchers are working diligently to achieve the total domestication of mink and fox. Special diets and color phases are being introduced that are eroding the genetic make-up of these wild animals.

And inside the animal research facilities, more is going on than cosmetic testing on rabbits. Beaver are being studied and killed to find more effective and acceptable trapping methods. Coyotes are caged to find ways to kill natural viruses which would effectively destroy the livestock industry. Marten and fisher are running treadmills to see how far we can push environmental exploitation before their populations are pushed too far.

And beyond that, the controlled manipulation and destruction of others lives are occurring on a daily basis.

Hopefully the ALF raid is only the beginning of animal liberation/radical environmental actions. As the gap is bridged, our power increases, and it becomes harder for animal and environmental exploiters to justify and continue their destruction.

The ALF has vowed to continue the liberation struggle on both fronts: "ALF shall challenge policies which allow grazing of livestock on lands traditionally used by native American wildlife. Until coyotes and other animals live free from the tortuous hands of humankind, no industry or individual is safe from the rising tide of fur animal liberation."

"To abusers of native wildlife everywhere, beware. The ALF has just begun to fight."

Late Night Lock-Up

Days dangle dementedly in strangling smogs of prison grey:
hoosegow hell choking life slowly,
smothering extinction-bound Orang Utans
incarcerated in the Los Angeles Zoo.

Rollicking arboreal bodies built for high jungle living
scrape over concrete, steel, and gunnite rock-work.

Amusements are few: you find peanuts hidden by the keeper
in minutes (every inch of the exhibit is known too well).

Games are played with regular zoo visitors, friends
on the other side.

Su Long listens to her imaginary watch, tapping it.

Gail sticks her tongue out if she likes you.

Joy waves.

My dear relatives, you study people day after day,
your psychiatric wisdom surpasses any shrinks.

Some people make you puke.

Weekends are worst...

Huge, distraction-hungry hordes swarm
merciless to your sad plight:

jeering, leering, twisted people faces
teasing, laughing at your buddha look.

You throw your shit at them.

You spit your piss at them.

Hurl slimy cauliflower, accurately.

The rabble scream, fall back

only to lurch forward, doubly deranged.

(If available a security guard is stationed).

Nightfall: Crowds leave.

Desperately wacky, upset and nasty,
you spit on your heavy-hearted keeper,
tricking and tormenting.

(You'd kill your newborns if we let you keep them).

I soothe: Come in. Rest. Eat. I love you. I hate this.

Here's your medicine Willy. Leave the hose alone Gail.

Tension lessens.

Monday will be easier.

Schoolchildren's shouts

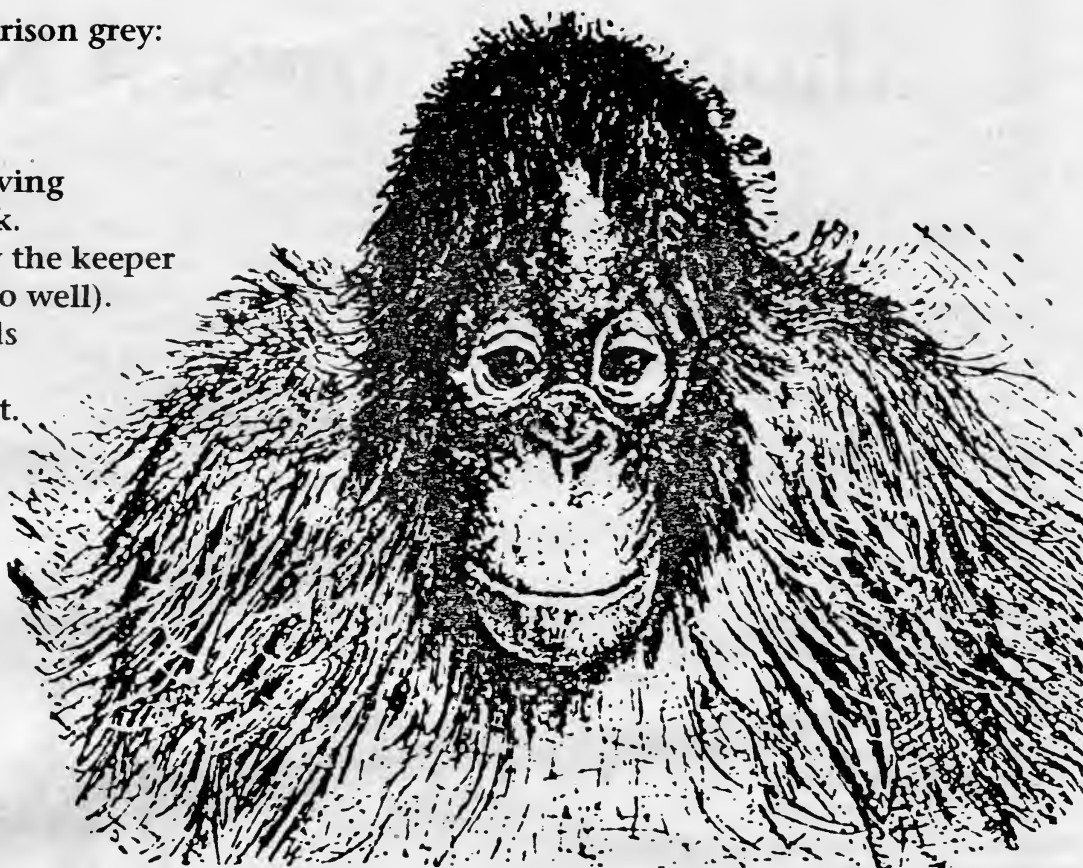
can be drowned out

when you place your head

by the waterfall

with a tub over it.

—Karen DeBaal



Pot Heads

Malheur Mining Company (completing exploration of the Kerby cyanide heap leach project along Oregon's Snake River) are the proud recipients of an Oregon Exploration Reclamation Award for work completed at their Kerby project. This honor was bestowed by the Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industries.

In an effort to make the area more aesthetically pleasing and environmentally safe, Malheur Mining has placed GREEN FLOWERPOTS on top of their white PVC pipe claim markers, supposedly to keep birdies from getting stuck in the pipes.

Malheur Mining took their environmentalism one step further and are attaching "used" beer cans to the GREEN FLOWERPOTS to act as containers for housing claim notices.

Earth Day really did change the world.

—SOUTHERN WILLAMETTE EF!

Environmental And Animal Protection Groups Sue To Halt Montana Grizzly Bear Hunt

FROM THE BIODIVERSITY LEGAL FOUNDATION

On August 28, 1991, Jasper Carlton, director of the Biodiversity Legal Foundation, joined with the Swan View Coalition and the Fund for Animals in filing suit against the US Fish and Wildlife Service in US District Court in Washington DC. The suit claims that the authorization of a sport hunting season for grizzly bears in Montana is illegal under the provisions of the Endangered Species Act (ESA). This effort comes in the wake of Montana's first ever trophy hunt of grizzly bears in the spring, when hunters randomly took the lives of three healthy bears, including a 21-1/2 year old male.

Specifically, the suit requests the court to enjoin the sport hunting of the threatened and federally protected bear in Montana, direct the Service to terminate its funding of endangered species programs in Montana until it is in compliance with the ESA, and, at the very least, to take all necessary steps to prevent the state of Montana from instituting a spring grizzly bear hunt in 1992. The plaintiffs have also filed a motion for a preliminary injunction in an attempt to stop the fall, 1991 grizzly bear hunt. The case will be heard by US District Court Judge Michael Boudin.

The grizzly bear, which was classified as a federally threatened species in 1975, today numbers less than 1,000 individuals throughout

the coterminous US. Even so, the grizzly is still legally hunted in the Northern Continental Divide Ecosystem in northwestern Montana. In fact, of the 171 known grizzly bear deaths in the past 11 years, licensed trophy hunters have slaughtered 78—or 46 percent of all bears killed. This, at a time when each bear should be treated as the last, and when the killing of each female grizzly bear eliminates generations of reproduction. The Montana grizzly bear hunt has also allowed the killing of grizzlies in both the Bob Marshall and Great Bear Wilderness areas—the very areas where both biologists and ranchers alike would prefer to have the bear prosper.

The plaintiffs claim that the existing hunting is a clear violation of the "take" provision of the Endangered Species Act. Pursuant to the provisions of the ESA, such a "regulated taking" can only be warranted "in the extraordinary case where population pressures within a given ecosystem cannot be otherwise relieved." The plaintiffs contend that the Service and the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks have basically admitted that they have no evidence that there are any population pressures in the ecosystem. In fact, attorneys for the plaintiffs have provided affidavits from leading grizzly bear biologist Charles Jonkel and University of Montana wildlife biologist Lee Metzgar that clearly indicate that no "extraordinary case" circumstances exist. Keith Hammer, president of the Swan View Coalition in Montana, points out that, "obviously, one of the most effective ways in which to reduce grizzly bear mortalities is not to shoot them."

According to Jasper Carlton, "the state of Montana continues to place states rights and the desires of trophy hunters above the needs of the threatened grizzly bear. At the same time, the

state and the US Fish and Wildlife Service have allowed excessive commercial logging, roading, subdividing, and energy development to fragment, degrade, and destroy the last large, natural, diverse ecosystems upon which the survival of the grizzly bear and many other species depends. These agencies have essentially deserted the goal of full recovery of the 'Great Bear' in the wild."

Carlton adds that, "the state of Montana is out of step with the times by actively resisting adequate protection for all the elements of natural diversity. Montana has interfered with federal listing and protection of Woodland Caribou, the Fluvial Arctic Grayling, and most recently, the Paddlefish. If Montana persists in its 1800s mentality, all of these issues could end up in federal court. A cooperative effort by all state and federal agencies, as well as the private sector, is needed to work for the full recovery of these biologically endangered species in the wild." The state of Montana also sponsors a hunting season of the majestic Tundra Swan and is proposing a Sandhill Crane hunting season in the Pacific flyway portion of Montana in 1992.

The lawsuit, if successful, will not prevent the government from removing or relocating specific "problem" bears that are threatening human life or property.

What You Can Do: Write John Turner, Director, US Fish and Wildlife Service, 18th & C Sts. NW, Washington, DC, 20240 and insist that the Service terminate the sport hunting of the threatened grizzly bear in Montana and take stronger steps to protect the habitat of the bear in the northern Rockies. Support this important legal action by sending your financial contributions to the Biodiversity Legal Foundation, POB 18327, Boulder, CO 80308-8327, and the Swan View Coalition, POB 1901, Kalispell, MT 59903.

Shooting Cows: A Novel Idea

BY A. NONY MOOSE

I'd heard about livestock being allowed to graze in wilderness areas, but I never paid it much mind. "Surely it wouldn't occur in *my* wilderness," I always thought. But then, reality struck me in the face like an angry rancher.

I was returning from a week-long trip in one of my favorite areas. Even the mosquitos seemed to be a blessing on this near-perfect trip. Less than three miles from my car, I saw the first one.

It was big and black, with white marking underneath. It looked at me with fear, backing carelessly into some small trees. The cow's many mates were everywhere in the narrow valley, eating the beautiful flowers and shrubberies, wallowing in what used to be a sparkling brook, languishing in the trail, shitting *everywhere*.

The policy of multiple abuse clearly showed its ugliest side. "This *can't* be!!!" I said to myself. "Get out of here!!!" I screamed at the bovines, throwing pine cones and sticks at any and all domesticated four-leggeds.

The cows reacted predictably, escaping as quickly as their bloated bodies allowed. Satisfaction was sweet, but much too brief and shallow. Something more significant had to happen. An obvious action had to occur.

I thought quite a bit about my action before actually taking it. "Would it be within my ethics and moral code to kill these rather defenseless creatures?" was my biggest dilemma. I decided that it was okay for a number of reasons.

First, these cows were going to be killed soon anyway, probably in much less humane circumstances. Second, it might actually make a difference in the long-term; perhaps the asshole rancher and Freddie who decided that the wilderness "needed" to be grazed by domestics would

were still occupying the trail, the creek, the valley. I climbed high up the north side of the valley, watching for other two-leggeds and observing my quarry.

I've never shot another being before. During the week, I went to a major sporting goods store and exercised my NRA-given right to purchase a medium-caliber pistol and supply of ammo.

It was much easier than I thought. Two hours after sunset, I climbed down to the upper end of the trail. Walking slowly towards the first animal, I was able to get within five feet of my first "trophy." One shot rang out, muffled by the lush growth in the valley. One beautiful, brown bovine bit the big one.

I continued down the trail; the cows were quite wary of me now. But they had virtually nowhere to go. The valley was narrow, and the trail away from me quickly became clogged with slow-boat cows. I was

able to easily negotiate the trailside obstacles, catching and killing the majority of the herd: fifteen in all.

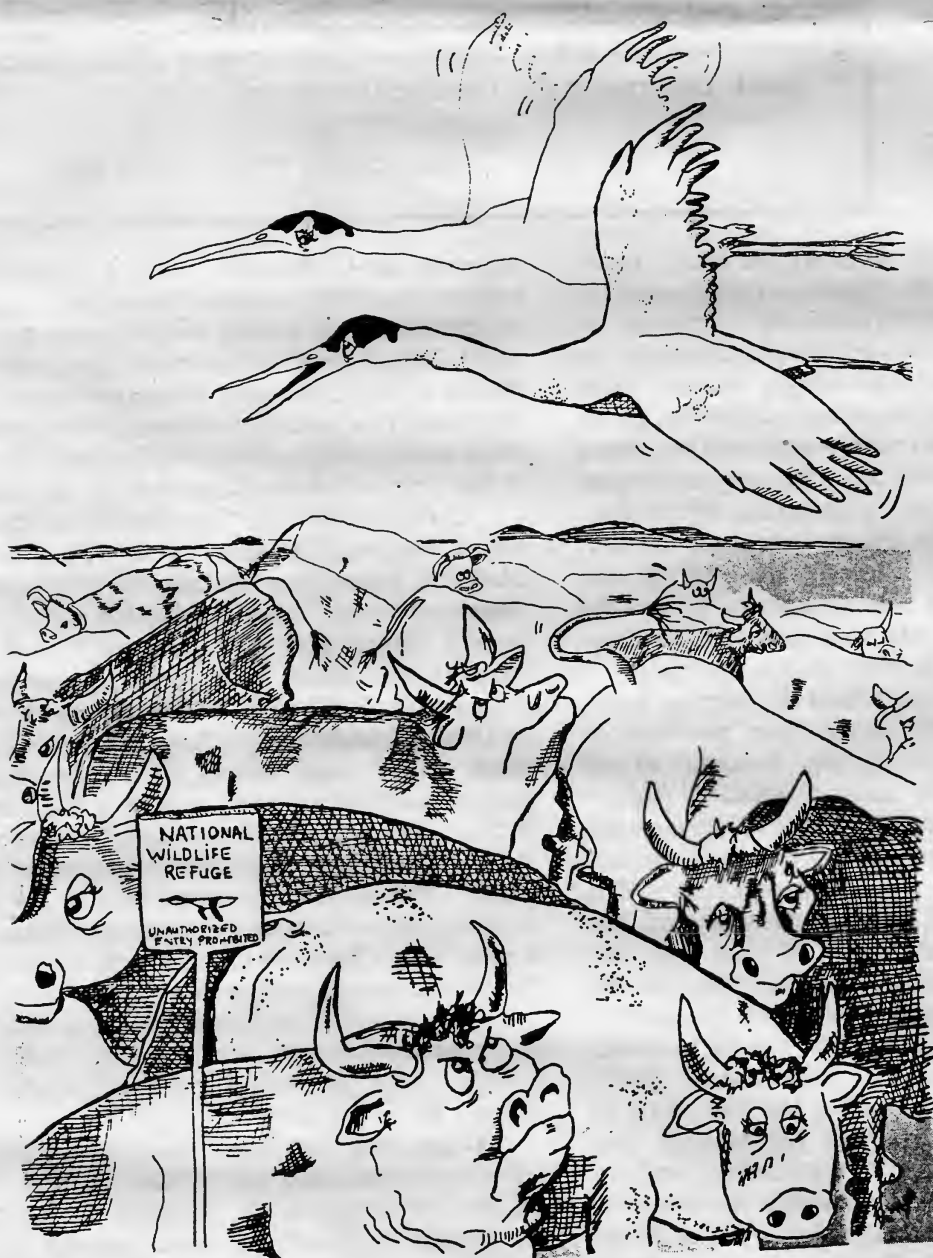
I had less problem with causing "death" than I'd expected. The cattle were semi-guilty participants in a policy of destroying the Earth by eating it. "Killing's killing," I thought, whether it's a cow, a policy, or whoever. At various times, I'd point my barrel directly at a frozen-with-fear cow and imagine that it was the rancher or the Freddie that I was disposing of.

The public never heard about my night of hunting. Apparently, the Freddie and the rancher didn't want to popularize this type of event. No need. I'll beat it again. Wherever cows and sheep roam in wild places, my pistol and I will be there. Wild lands are for wild animals. Earth First!



think twice. Third, it *would* make a difference in the short-term; these cows would be gone, fewer plants would be eaten, more streambank would live, and on and on....

I planned my action carefully. The next Saturday, the nights of the new moon, I returned to my wilderness and easily found the cows. They



"...MAYBE THERE'LL BE A PLACE
TO LAND ON THE FREEWAY!!!"

Illustration by Ginny Rosenberg from the book, "Sacred Cows at the Public Trough"



Illustration by Ginny Rosenberg from the book, "Sacred Cows at the Public Trough"

A Caribou Convention in Albany

BY ALLISON SLATER

We hadn't planned on the polka band.

Every other detail of the post-rendezvous action had been debated and decided by group consensus; the five foot cardboard bullshit detector, the dead bloated caribou costumes, the blue UN peacekeeping-force hats. But the polka band in front of the capital building was a surprise.

The Monday after the Vermont RRR, a herd of caribou roamed the streets of downtown Albany, NY, bellowing, grazing on public squares and handing out flyers about the James Bay hydroproject which killed 10,000 of their relatives in 1984. The herd was protected by EF!ers in blue cardboard fezzes, acting as surrogate enforcers of the recent UN report condemning Hydro-Quebec's project as ecocide and genocide.

When the herd roamed into the plaza in front of New York's state capitol, a group of middle-aged white boys were already there, whaling out polka tunes on accordion and trumpet. Albany's business crowd sat on the lawn munching hamburgers and listening to the band.

The caribou circled up in the middle of the field and danced while the rest of the crew took up the cry, "polka hole in the dam!" Twenty some people with signs and banners claimed the stairs behind the band as their stage, dancing during the songs and chanting in between. One uniformed cop and one unsuccessfully disguised as a regular person watched from the sidelines. EF!'s six legal observers watched them.

Finally the band stopped trying to convince the crowd that polkas are the highest form of music, and the EF!ers grabbed full attention. The herd of caribou and one salmon plunged into the reflecting pool in front of the capitol. When they hit the 40 foot canvas dam at the other end of the pool they died, symbolizing the drowning of migrating caribou in Quebec when H-Q reversed the natural river flow patterns to satisfy high winter energy demands in distant urban areas. In Albany, however, the caribou revived and broke down the dam.

Leaving wooden caribou floating in the pool, the whole troop then wandered across the street to the office building of New York Power Authority, the agency with a \$19.5 million contract to buy energy from Hydro-Quebec. The wet caribou entered the lobby of the building, drip

ping all over their nice linoleum floor and riding the escalators up and down, handing more propaganda to the business drones trying to escape to some nice safe place for lunch.

About ten of the protestors jogged up the 19 flights of stairs (no ecocide for elevators!) to the office of NYPA and spent ten minutes chanting outside their door before being herded back down by security officers. Although plans were made in case anyone got arrested, in the wake of the AmEx disaster no activists from outside Albany (i.e.-nobody) volunteered to sacrifice themselves to the cops.

By the time the protestors got back outside, the two original officers had been joined by eight others in four copmobiles and more met them along the way to the final action site, Governor Mario Cuomo's humble home. Unable to comprehend a group run by consensus, the police kept asking to be taken to our leader. After trying repeatedly to explain that there was no leader, we decided to humor them, and deferred all responsibility for our actions to the real power behind the scenes; Orin Langel's terrier J.R.

En route to Cuomo's mansion, the herd had to wade across three more pools. The displaced caribou lamented the loss of free-flowing water and bellowed for "rivers, not fountains."

The group had prepared for Cuomo's notorious slick talk with the bullshit detector, but the governor was not at home at the time. Too bad for him. He missed the skit that the protestors put on anyway, trying Hydro-Quebec in an Earth court and sentencing their representative to drink mercury contaminated water from Quebec's dammed rivers. Hopefully, at least the 20 cops watching us were amused. After a short tribal jam and a parting bellow, the herd grazed their way back to the urban base camp in a preschool.

Overall the action was a straightforward protest and completely legal, to the disgust of several activists. Paranoia after the AmEx action caused the group to be over-cautious and fearful about what could happen to activists far from home if they got arrested. At the post action meeting, one EF!er suggested that perhaps this experience was needed to rid the group of their nervousness and that now EF! can get back to business as usual: in other words, disrupting business as usual.



Mercury is leaching into the reservoirs and contaminating the fish, animals, and native peoples.

Photo: Orin Langel



Caribou wade across the pool in front of New York's State Capitol to destroy the dam destroying their homeland.

Photo: Orin Langel

We Bad...

Excerpted from The Environmental Address Book; How to Reach the Environment's Greatest Champions and Worst Offenders by Michael Levine, published by Perigee Books, 200 Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10016. (212) 951-8477. You can express your opinion by sending Mr. Levine gobs of spit in McDonald's new environmentally safe burger boxes.

SUGGESTED ENVIRONMENTAL ADDRESS BOOK QUIZ FOR YOUR AUDIENCE

GOOD GUYS or BAD GUYS?

1. EARTH FIRST!

Ans. bad—a militant environmental activist group whose actions have represented the radical end of the pro-earth movement, occasionally discrediting more appropriate activities.

2. Ted Turner

Ans. good—owner of Cable News Network, WTBS, and Turner Network Television. Broadcasts and produces many programs about the environment.

3. McDonald's Corp.

Ans. good & bad—Good Guys for promising to phase out use of styrofoam "clam shell" food packaging. Bad Guys for taking so long.

About the author: Regarded as one of Hollywood's shrewdest business executives, author Michael Levine heads a major entertainment public relations firm (which uses only recycled paper); the company has offices in Los Angeles, New York, London and Las Vegas, representing more than a hundred celebrities. Mr. Levine lives in Los Angeles where he is an assiduous recycler.

Defining Dissent:

The Alternative Culture in Service to the State

BY JERRY DOLPHIN

Defining Dissent means setting the agenda of debate, putting forth and omitting elements of information to the dissenting mind, in turn, to be manipulated and brainwashed by the wily professor, the national organizer or the renowned writer/speaker.

Controlling the Alternative culture is of prime importance to corporate and governmental elites because it is the *one* domestic threat capable of exposing and toppling its immoral empire. By "co-opting" the movement and defining its agenda, elites can manipulate how far and how deep a specific movement can penetrate the weak points of their particular operations of exploitation.

By defining dissent and setting the agenda of understanding and action within the alternative movement, the "national security state" can incorporate a large degree of acceptable dissent within to serve the immediate and long-term interests and concerns of the US corporate and military elite.

The support, sale and promotion of Earth Day and so-called environmentally correct corporate "green products" are a prime example in this case.

Another prime example to be given in this analysis has to do with the past Middle East war—i.e. specifically the NO BLOOD FOR OIL campaign. By introducing "oil" into the arena of dissent, the anti-war movement incorporated the false doctrine that "oil" was, in fact, the primary reason for the U.S. invasion. In defining the parameters, Democrats touted, "its about oil," while Republicans solemnly noted, its *not* about oil, its about naked Iraqi aggression." The *radical* voice (one rarely heard in the mostly censored 'alternative' media, let alone the corporate media) reasoned that it was not *only* about oil, but about, more profoundly, Israeli regional security (both short and long term), US economic and political leverage over global economic competitors such as Germany and Japan, and the securing of a more or less permanent US presence in the Persian Gulf.

In this particular case, one can clearly see that the NO BLOOD FOR OIL campaign, in truth, served the State by routing dissent away

from the core issues of the War. "Oil" became a means to *define dissent*, set the anti-war agenda, and generally keep in place unruly domestic opposition. It also served the interests of the State by providing a forum for a largely "business as usual" energy policy which called more extensively for greater emphasis on nuclear power—again in the interests of the corporate and governmental elite.

Many examples such as this exist within the Alternative Counterculture. The time has come for *radical* activists to challenge the hypocrisy and manipulation from within, and in the process bring to light the relevant reasoning needed to effectively confront and overcome the numerous tragedies occurring around us throughout our world.

Howls from Inside Ourselves

She talks to her kin,

but we yank out her grassy hair,
roots and all

and she screeches.

We poke geophones into her brown skin,

and she howls.

We blast holes in her swollen stomach,
kill our relatives' badgers, pikas, moles
cause our bear and wolf sisters to miscarry

and she thunders NO NO NO

but we chop off her fingers, then arms
break them into logs and two by fours
leave her roots bleeding water

and she begs us to stop.

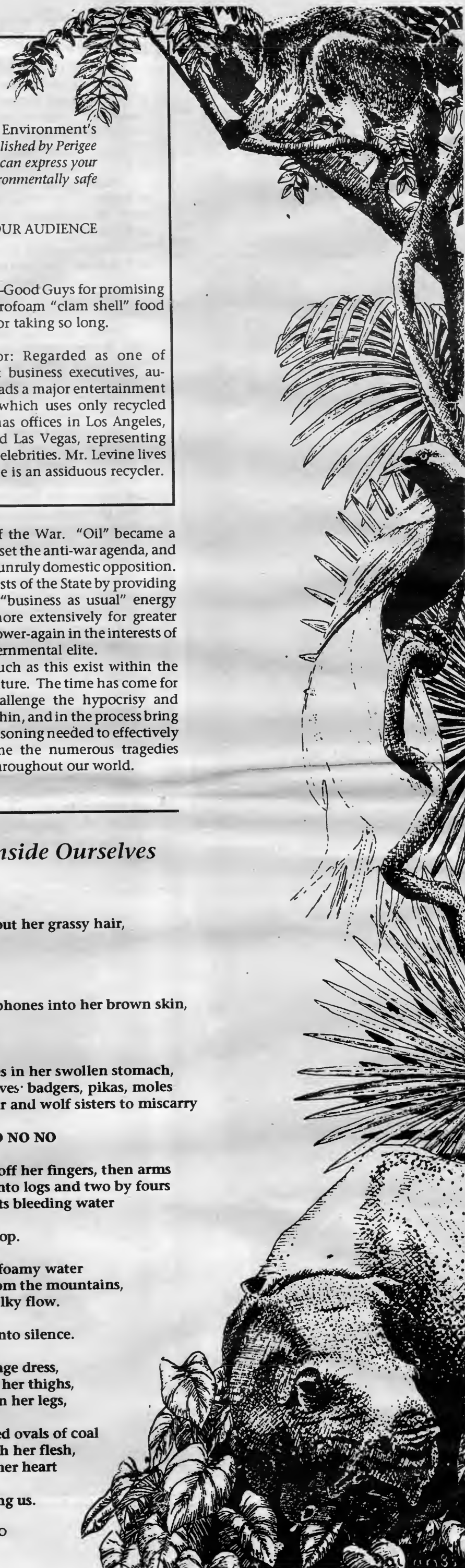
We suck the foamy water
streaming from the mountains,
damn her milky flow.

and she is stunned into silence.

We strip away her sage dress,
grab the soft clay of her thighs,
rip the moss between her legs,
ram through
steal warm oil, sacred ovals of coal
plow further through her flesh,
tear the muscles of her heart

and now she is taking us.

—BY GINGER COSTELLO



Shawnee

continued from front page

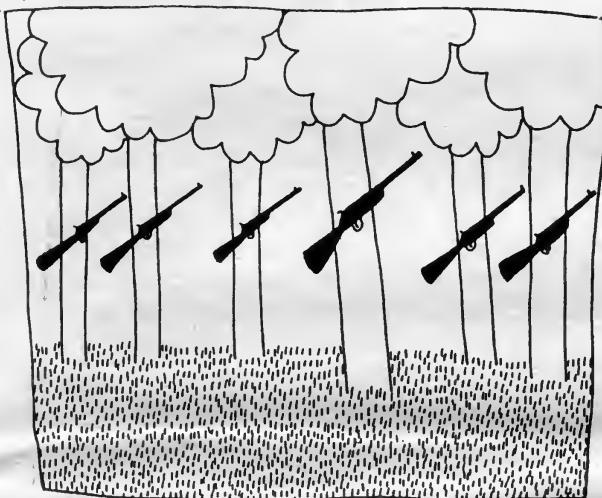
decimated by greed and stupidity.

The trees of the Shawnee that are being felled by East Perry Lumber Company, which appears to be a multi-national corporation from Germany, are allegedly being sent to that country for palettes and railroad ties because the Black Forest is plagued with acid rain. The Fairview area is part of the last contiguous interior forest in Jackson County. Logging has taken place despite an Illinois appeal from Congress requesting that all timber sales be postponed until a new land resource management plan can be drawn up. Below-cost sales, like the Fairview, are expected to be eliminated by the new plan. This appeal was the result of much public outcry, including an 80 day road blockade of the sale last summer.

What You Can Do: For action updates, call Doug McClura at (618) 684-6897. For phone-tage, call the FBI at (618) 529-5121, Congressman Glen Poshard (618) 985-6300 and the fuckwads at the Forest Service at (618) 687-1731.

Additional information was provided by Anne Petermann of Preserve Appalachian Wilderness and Steve Taylor of Big River EF!

a d a p t a t i o n .



Nota bene:

Apparently there's a (human) resource order in the national USDA Forest Service Coordination Center for "guntoters." They have been requested to aid in dealing with Earth First! in the Shawnee. People in pickle suits are persistently seeking and searching to fill the resource order from any region they can. Other people in pickle suits are turning the Green Machine's offer down, and the machine is hard up.



Photo: Slugthang

Salmon Action II: Death cuts down a giant eight-legged Stumptown land salmon as it attempts to breach the gates of the US Army Corps of Engineers.

Logging Begins In Spotted Owl Critical Habitat

EF! Stumpfrogs to the Rescue!

On Tuesday, September 3rd, timber boss Rob Freres began killing ancient forest in a designated critical habitat area for the threatened northern spotted owl. The Collafield timber sale in the Detroit Ranger District of the Willamette National Forest was sold last year under the auspices of the infamous "Rider from Hell." This pernicious piece of legislation, drafted by wilderness enemy Mark Hatfield, prohibited citizen lawsuits against the Forest Service over timber sales taking place in spotted owl habitat. Although the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals later found the rider to be an unconstitutional violation of the checks and balances principle, they conveniently delayed issuing their decision until the rider had nearly expired and the timber sales were all done deals. Of course, they didn't think it would be right to cancel or void any of these sales.

At last report, there are five active owl pairs within two miles of the Collafield units. The legal limit on timber sales' proximity to owl "activity centers" is 1 1/2 miles. Sounds like another case of biostitution to me. Interestingly, the biostitute who signed off on Collafield is the same guy who told Friends of Cathedral Forest that they couldn't have a concert near an owl activity area, because it "might disturb" the owls. I guess the owls are so used to chainsaws and habitat destruction that they don't get disturbed by it anymore.

On Tuesday, five guys showed up in a crummy pickup and began the careful, precise task of clearcutting everything in sight. Many trees were smashed to splinters in the road, ruining their usefulness as sawtimber. Stumpfrogs visited the site after the fellers had gone, and discovered the art of stump painting. Messages such as "Stumps Suck," "You Had No Right!"

"O Pardon Me Thou Bleeding Piece of Earth That I am Meek and Gentle With These Butchers," and "Rob Freres Murdered Me" graced the cut and bleeding ends of cut trees and stumps. Security at the site consisted of a piece of white thread strung across the road. As they were leaving, the stumpfrogs politely tied the string back together again, and added a small sign that read "Warning — Forest Destruction Ahead! Love and Peace, EF!"

Later that night, some rowdy stumpfrogs paid another visit, wired on triple strength coffee. They found the string taken down — hmmm. They then performed a pagan ritual with menstrual blood to call in their allies the road faeries, and together they erected rock barricades in the road to the site. The faeries later reported that a front-end loader had to be brought in the next morning to clear the way for the chainsaw-bearing humans. Score: stumpfrogs, two-hour delay; road faeries, six-hour sleep deprivation.

At this writing, more stumpfrogs are on their way to the site of destruction, having heard the croaking and ribbiting of their sisters and brothers summoning them to the battle. The stumpfrogs want all of you caring humans to do two things: WAKE UP out of your complacency — critical habitat areas are NOT protected, are NOT enough. We need an IMMEDIATE HALT to the cutting of ancient forest NOW, goddammit!! AND we need to restore the ecosystem to health by establishing protected corridors to connect ancient forest core reserves and by revamping forest practices everywhere else to try and heal the damage already done.

Second, the stumpfrogs call on you to defend any native habitat being destroyed in your area. Even if there is no hope of stopping them, we can still harass the hell out of them, cost them money, spread some awareness, and have some fun! And most importantly, set the example of direct action. A living, standing forest ecosystem should take precedence over a signed contract! I don't give a shit who signed what, who agreed to what, or what the legal technicalities are. Valuable native habitat is being destroyed!

Fight back!

Carmageddon

BY JASON TORRANCE

The car is now seen by many people as one of the greatest sources of pollution in the western world, sizably adding to the gases which add to global warming. The general public however are often ignorant to the facts behind today's great car economy due to extensive advertising and the general level of pervasiveness of the car industry.

Many environmental groups responding to widespread concern about the car and global warming are now running car campaigns, mainly based on the effect of the car on the human environment and calling for a widespread reduction in car use and manufacture. It is in the shadow of successful air pollution campaigns such as those calling for lead free petrol and catalytic converters that campaigns now run. Both campaigns are seriously flawed when side effects are considered. Hence they inevitably fall seriously short of even beginning to tackle the danger that the car poses to life on Earth.

In the general level of apathy and hypocrisy of most green campaigns to date the "responsible car driver" has emerged. The car industry has launched the "green car" which has now emerged like the phoenix from the ashes to all but the most realistic of people.

It is under such circumstances that Earth First! will launch a BAN THE CAR campaign entitled CARMAGEDDON. In the present climate when there are currently 19 million cars in Britain with a predicted 35 million by the year 2025, an uncompromising message is clearly needed. Take a walk in any city centre or take a look at a motorway at rush hour and you'll see that carmageddon is here now. Whilst greens offer a melee of compromises to motorists and the industry the car culture will continue to expand.

In today's society the car has become the norm and even an icon of wealth and prosperity, when in reality it is the most destructive item an individual can possess. The world-wide slaughter

of humans and other species mount to hundreds of thousand each year, with both the injury and death figures on a scale equivalent to any war.

The car's effect on the environment doesn't stop at direct exhaust pipe pollution but also extends to extraction of minerals for production, oil use including transportation dangers, and disposal of old cars. Just in terms of waste, each year 23 million tyres are discarded in the UK alone and 28 million gallons of motor oil go missing, presumably finding its way into our freshwater systems.

The car makes large demands on natural resources all the way through its cycle. Consuming one third of the world's dwindling oil, the car puts obvious strain on known oil reserves which are set to last but 45 years. Ecologically sensitive areas such as Antarctica have for a long time been prime targets for the oil companies. Many wars have been fought over oil including the recent Gulf war. The car plays a vital role in the use of oil with oil companies taking a key role in the road lobby, ensuring that their profits are perpetuated.

The campaign will seek to give active resistance to the whole car cycle, from production to disposal. Carmageddon will highlight what the car industry is hiding and what other campaigns are not attempting to do. Using civil disobedience and other forms of direct action we intend to send a strong message of resistance back to the car industry. The car culture is everywhere and therefore this campaign will be truly grassroots, harnessing the growing dissent to the insanity that car driving represents. There can be no responsible car drivers: when a car is driven it pollutes and is inherently unsustainable, end of story.

If we are to tackle the car culture the green movement must move away from the scientific analytical approach offered by professional environmentalists. We must move to a more emotional feeling and response orientated grassroots

movement. People are often disempowered by professional attitudes such as those that require them to give money so that the "professionals" can act. Only an active grassroots movement where people are more in touch with their environment will truly tackle today's problems.

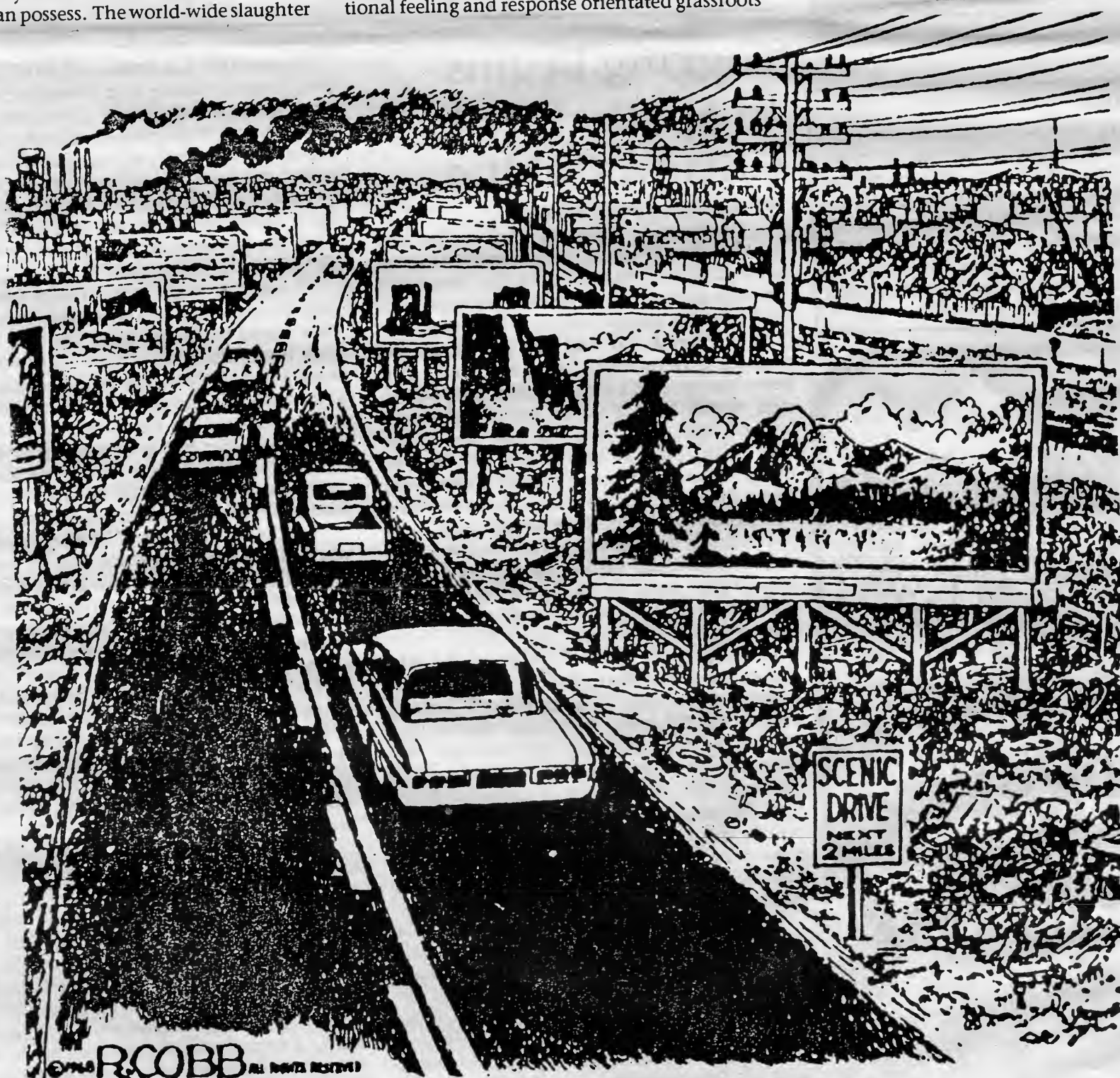
Advertising is a clear example of people's detachment from the real world, with never a mention of the whole product cycle. The car industry has a firm grip on advertising, often picking up on social trends to sell more. The sheer quantity of advertising that the car industry carries out ensures the allegiance of the media and advertising companies.

People need only look around themselves to see that the car is taking over. In cities around the world the car takes up vast amounts of space, in London 15% of surface area, Los Angeles a staggering 67%. Britain is turning into one big motorway, complemented by a huge car park. In fact the extra traffic forecast in the Government's 1989 new road building program would require a motorway 257 lanes wide from London to Edinburgh to carry it. Could London soon join Mexico City and start selling oxygen from phone boxes?

There is hope however, with Vienna leading the way, having banned cars from its city centre. Carmageddon will build on such moves, encouraging groups in other countries to adopt the campaign and take future bans further than city centres.

The killing both obvious (such as through accidents) and insidious (such as death to plants and animals through mining of materials and road construction) must stop. Even when viewed from a purely human angle, banning the car can be nothing but self interest. To combat global warming and to jettison the industrial attitudes that dominate the world, banning the car must be seen as an important milestone. The cold facts are that either the car goes, or we and much of the biological diversity of the planet will go with us.

For more information contact: Earth First!(UK), 9 Cazenove Rd, London, N16 6PA, tel (44) 81 806 1561, fax (44) 81 806 5226.



How We Got To The Rendezvous

BY LEE

Well, we were at this one good place I know under a bridge by a big turn in the tracks there—a nice shady hobo camp, kicking around making jokes and reclining and practicing with our slingshot, hitting things and generally waiting and enjoying ourselves and each other's company and nearby were a couple of piggybacks which were good to practice for these friendz that never hopped before but by and large we got impatient after awhile; no trains, so we figured we'd kick around somewhere else, go get some beer and so we did and got ourselves under a wonderful old cottonwood in another place by the tracks beating the heat as it were (hot day in San Berdoo) and woo woo wouldn't you know it goes by a train where we'd just been so we jumped up and scrambled our packs on and hustled and hustled fast as we could which is not very fast with packs on all excited over to where that big curve comes around and whamo! what a sight, it's a fucking military convoy train, sheesh, I think we're feeling a little doubtful about it but we figure what the heck, let's get on cuz it's our train and it's starting to roll and this is always the exciting moment, getting on and woo woo what a gas, gawddamn we got on that train and jammed our packs under the wheels and stuff, grinning at each other, Mary and Ken and I under our radar truck or some such and Todd and Candice under an ATT or PTA or whatever the

army calls those things...and all anti-climatic like it stopped some few hundred yards on with two camouflage army guys running down the tracks (one with a big stick) and they say get off our stuff (we could say something smart ass like it's our stuff too) but we said like sure, nothin' personal, we'll get off and they say we don't mind you riding on the other (non-military) stuff and we say yeah, and woo woo the train starts up and darnit we didn't have time to scramble off and zoom we're on our way and we're yelling yeah, yeah, yeah! I knew this part would be fun cuz the Cajon Pass is pretty spectacular and I'm not sure there's all that many things more *invigorating* that beating on through those rocks and tunnels riding on camouflage machines on a fucking freight with friendz their first time. So eventually the train did stop somewhere in the desert and we obliged the soldiers, finally hopped off, scrambled on along and some of those military men were standing around in their boxers on the caboose (which was in the middle of the train), I could see we'd be a sight to see to them—opposites, soldiers and hobos, they gave us six-packs of cold water, thanx, the human touch and on to some grain cars further on back and zoom here we go again Barstow bound and rolling—yeah, yeah, yeah! and into Barstow that big yard we jumped off and over the fence up onto our little hill (the perfect place I swear) and yeehaw you

couldn't ask for a more perfect ride so far no hitches, no bulls, a gorgeous Mojave sunset and a good time had by all and Candice and Ken hitch into town for fruit and beer and supplies and the guy told them that those tan's are worth 3 million apiece about 20 or 30 of them sitting there on flatcars away down from our vantage point (signs of the times?) around 11 or midnight our piggyback hot shot pulls in for refueling—this is our baby (as hobos are wont to say) and we ran down our little hill and over the fence and stand and sit around being paranoid till she pulls away and zoom! we're on our way east very fast and just one of the things I'm noticing and secretly giggling about before knocking off is my compatriots all sitting there, Hobo Queens and Kings eating up all that power and the fast desert air which is just the way I was when I first hopped and still secretly am—Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo, woo, woo we're on our way to the rendezvous!!!

HOBOS: Have fun. Remember: ear plugs, eye protection, water, gloves, cardboard, graffiti, scarf, wind & water proofing, smokes or candy for other Bos.

P.S. think about the quick stops and catching your clothes & stuff while running along. The East is supposedly full of tough Bulls. Careful. Skip Chicago.



When I Hear That Ole Train Whistle A Blowin'

BY LEE

You know, it's a funny thing most usually when the subject of hoboing comes up which is a hobby of mine and I generally like to spread the word around, someone invariably says, "Gawd, didn't that go out in the '30s and whammo, aren't there big sucks out there that wanna take your head off?" Well, I might say hmmm...to the first part and I know where they got that second stereotype: from Yul Brenner or some such as the Bull in "King of the North" with Paul Newman as the King Hobo and all that ... "Sheesh" is what I say. Don't make a mistake, the Bulls (railroad police) were bad then—I've read of attempted murder on the rails and I know a fellow who spent some time on a chain gang in Georgia in the '40s for hopping freights...but ridin' the rails in the '80s in the coolest thing, highly recommend it! Now just watch, the first time you hop you'll get killed and you'll think what idiot advice this is but here's what's up with this boy: I've never gone to jail or received a ticket in 15 or 20 encounters with bulls and in 10 or a dozen thousand miles have had the gas of a lifetime. Ridin' the rails is one of the more consistently adventurous things one can do, it's one of those truly American things like having sex in cars of Jazz, etc. and it's scenic and free, free, free! Hey, here's something Jack Kerouac says about thumbing: "one of the biggest troubles hitchhiking is having to talk to innumerable people, make them feel that they didn't make a mistake picking you up, even entertain them almost, all of which is a great strain when you're going all the way and don't plan to sleep in hotels." So, I can see you're convinced about the wisdom of the rails, O.K., here's what's up, how to do it: First, try and get some maps of how the freight lines work and what companies (Southern Pacific,

Burlington Northern, Santa Fe, etc.) go where but if you can't don't worry about it, it's pretty obvious—freights go through all the cities and gobs of smaller towns and gobs of wilderness areas. Second: go down to it. Say, "Hey, where's the best place to catch a northbound, eastbound, southbound, or westbound to so and so and when's the next one?" Inquire about "hot shots" and catch them if you can cuz they're the fastest. The secret is ask, ask, and ask around and don't be blown if you get bum info and miss a train or whatever. There's a thousand little things you pick up with experience that help a lot and after storming around some yards you'll get the hang of it. Night time is best for avoiding the Bull, day time is alright, stay low and if the Bull stops you—be straight and friendly, show your ID. Often as not she or he will be friendly, maybe even helpful, in any case they will usually say something vague like, "did you know riding trains is illegal? and I'd like to not see you again." Translation: hang low and hide a bit better. About getting on: it's preferable to get on before the train moves out but as often as not you'll have to catch it "on the fly," which is pretty slow if you're carrying a pack. Box cars are darn difficult and dangerous to catch on the move, grain cars, piggybacks, gondolas are much easier cuz of the ladders that are just a big step from the ground. Look way ahead, make sure you won't stumble on anything while running alongside, concentrate, match your speed, focus—this is part of the zen of hopping—that moment and boom, you're on, there's a technique to it, be careful—safety first! as they say. Well...there's a lot to know I guess but it's also just an intuitive fun activity that gets you around, know what I mean jellybean? So, here's some safety shit to know: When you move

around always hang on and don't hang out too close to the doors of boxcars—trains jerk a lot. For that same reason always jam a spike or a piece of wood in the sliding track so the door won't slam shut. Never ever stand in between the cars, one can become moosh real quick. Always look both ways before crossing tracks, in yards especially as single cars can be moving around sometimes very silently. When possible sleep sideways near a front wall or with your feet towards the front of the train incase of a derailment (they're fairly rare) which causes the whole fucking thing to come screeching to a halt in which case you're still going 50 mph...eek! Keep your head and have a gas and a half and I don't want to hear it if you get smooshed cuz I'm not advising you to go out and do illegal dangerous things, blah, blah, blah...Fun stuff! At railroad crossings be sure and wave to all the people going by (actually you're going by, they're sitting still.) Hang-out and talk with hobos and farm laborers, there's some good people there, also a few bad eggs I suppose. When there's nasty weather, or going to be, try and catch a ride in a locomotive or caboose, ask the engineer or caboose people first. I swear your first ride on "the power" (locomotives) will be a ride to remember! Freights can be fast but often slow too, patience is the name of the game, more than likely on any given trip you'll do a day or two of just waiting around in yards so bring some good books and relax—there's one comin' around the bend with your name on it. Women might want to take an old pee can, peeing ain't easy on a jiggling train. Make sure you've got some peanut butter and banana sandwiches and plenty of water and a warm sleeping bag and Gawd damn leave the driving to them!

Congress Shall Make No Law...

FROM *Declarations of Independence* BY HOWARD ZINN

"Our right to free expression is not determined by the words of the Constitution or the decisions of the Supreme Court, but by who has the power in the immediate situation where we want to exercise our rights." —Howard Zinn

1791 Adoption of the Bill of Rights with Freedom of Speech and Freedom of the Press as the First Amendment.

1798-Congress passes the Sedition Act, making malicious writings against the government a crime.

1833-Supreme Court rules that the Bill of Rights only applies to the federal government; states can ignore it.

1894-Supreme Court rules that local gov't officials could prohibit or restrict speech in public places.

1917-Congress passes the Espionage Act, interpreted by courts to include as espionage any criticism of US involvement in WWI. Charles Schenck jailed for distributing anti-draft leaflets. This created the "falsely shouting fire in a crowded theatre," analogy which has since been used to quell speech which causes people to act.



1925-Supreme Court reverses previous decisions and decides the 14th amendment prevents states from making laws which violate the Bill of Rights.

1940-Smith Act extends the provisions of the Espionage Act to peacetime, making it a crime to advocate the overthrow of the government. Socialist Workers and Communist party members raided and arrested.

1947-National Security Council and CIA established

1949-Supreme Court upholds the arrest of Irving Feiner for "incitement to riot" with his anti-Truman speech *but* uses the First Amendment to dismiss the arrest of Father Terminiello, an anti-Semitic preacher arrested for the same reason. The First Amendment does not apply equally to all speech.

1950-Congress passes Emergency Detention Act for the arrest of people on the FBI Security Index

1959-Supreme Court exempts debates from the “fairness doctrine,” allowing the exclusion of minority parties from presidential debates. SC refuses to hear the Socialist Party’s appeal.

1967-Supreme Court refuses to hear an appeal of a Mississippi SC decision to convict Charles MacLaurin, a civil rights activist, of disturbing the peace with anti-segregation speeches.

1969-Chicago Police kill Black Panther Fred Hampton in a raid based on information given to the FBI by Hampton's personal body-guard, who was an infiltrator.

1969-J. Edgar Hoover instructs the FBI to target underground newspapers. Offices are ransacked, landlords and advertisers "encouraged" not to do business with them, staffs are infiltrated.

1969-Supreme Court rules that speech may be restricted by "time, place and manner."
1971-Emergency Detention Act repealed, but FBI maintains its Index.

1972-Supreme Court bans anti-war protests from shopping malls (don't want to upset those happy consumers)

1972-US Appeals Courts rules that the First Amendment does not protect the jobs of employees fired for speaking out

1973-Supreme Court allows CBS to refuse paid ads by groups they don't like, limiting unpopular voices' access to mass media

1974-Supreme Court allows prison security guards to censor inmates' mail

1974-Supreme Court allows the CIA to censor *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, a book by two former agents

1977-*Boston Globe* interviews CIA official Ray Cline about the agency's violations of the right to free speech. Cline's response: "It's only an amendment."

1977-Supreme Court decides the First Amendment protects corporations' right to spend money to influence public referenda

1978-CIA sues former agent Frank Snepp for publishing *Decent Interval* without submitting it for censorship. Court awards all royalties from the book to the US government.

1980-Supreme Court rules that all written material on a military base may be censored by the officers.

1983-Dispatch from FBI office released: "It is imperative at this time to formulate some plan of action against individuals who defiantly display their contempt for the US government."

1986 PLO observer for the UN, Yuzuf Terzi, and Columbian journalist, Patricia Lara, are

1988-PLO observer for the UN, Zuhdi Feizi, and Columbian journalist, Patricia Lara, are prohibited from coming to the US to make speeches

1988 *USA Today* (of all papers!) discloses that the FBI was asking librarians to re-

1991-Supreme Court rules that institutions receiving federal funds are subject to censorship (gag rule)



Developers SLAPPED Back!

The second decision protecting environmental and community groups from SLAPP (Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation) suits was handed down by Justice Diane Lebedeff of the New York State Supreme Court on June 24. Not only did Justice Lebedeff dismiss the suit against the community group, she imposed a fine on the developer.

The New York City developers sued a neighborhood group which opposed licensing of a new night club. Although the club was licensed, the size of the dance floor was reduced. The developers claimed economic damages and sued for \$4.25 million. Instead, Entertainment Partners will have to pay West 79th Street Block Association's legal fees and damages. The group is asking for \$30,000 but an amount has not been decided yet.

Justice Lebedeff made the decision with environmental groups in mind. She wrote, "To permit the instant lawsuit to stand would set a dangerous precedent not only in the area of constitutional rights but also in the area of environmental protection. A developer or business owner cannot be permitted to use the courts to stifle legitimate activity by community groups, which generally have limited economic resources to use in their defense...."

The first decision against a SLAPP suit was handed down in April by Justice Nicholas Coffinas in Westchester County. Justice Coffinas dismissed a suit challenging the tax-exempt status of a community group that protested plans for a 36-acre subdivision.

Hopefully, more judges will see SLAPP suits for what they are—a threat to freedom of speech, and will continue to decide against the corporations that raise them.



The Terrifying Counter-Terrorism Act

FROM PEACENET ALERTS

A recent administration proposal could establish a special court to conduct secret trials to deport persons in the US who have been convicted or even charged with any crime. Under this authority the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) could deport any foreign national whom the government asserts is a terrorist, which in the administration's view includes political supporters of any organization it deems terrorist.

The Counter-Terrorism Act of 1991, S.266 was introduced by Senators Biden and DiConcini. The Bush administration has submitted a proposal to deport foreign nationals, whom the government asserts have engaged in "terrorism" from the US. An identical version is included in the "Terrorism Death Penalty Act of 1991," introduced by Senator Thurmond. S.265 is now a part of the "Counter-Terrorism Act of 1991" of Senators Biden and DiConcini (S.266), and presently is pending in the Senate Judiciary Committee.

The charge of terrorism may be based on "secret evidence," which may consist of nothing more than allegations from the government of the person's native country in an effort to secure deportation back to the country from which she or he may have fled. Also disturbing is the government's sweeping interpretation of the word "terrorism." To the INS "terrorist activity" includes fund raising or recruiting members for any organization or government body that has engaged in unlawful violent activity as defined by their own country.

These bills target not only foreign nationals, but American citizens too. The Biden Bill is aimed at citizens who would lend material sup-

port for groups such as the FMLN, the leftist rebels of El Salvador; the African National Congress in South Africa; or "domestic terrorists" such as Earth First! ; ACT-UP, the Aids Coalition To Unleash Power ; or the Sanctuary Movement. It would make such support a crime punishable by up to ten years in prison.

As citizens or immigrants alike, we should oppose this legislation from the point of view of basic human rights. These bills are being debated now in the Senate and next in the House of Representatives. Contact your Congressperson or Senator. Ask all key Senators to defeat Bills S.265 and S. 266. Demand the complete removal of Title VII from the "Crime Control Act of 1991" as it promotes a police state on the pretense of dealing with terrorism. Write to the media about this attack on the Bill of Rights.

For more information call:
Committee for Justice (213) 413-2935
Center for Constitutional Rights (202) 675-2319
House of Representative (202) 224-2135



Chesapeake Ecosystem Still Under Siege

BY RON HUBER

Oysters Almost Gone

Chesapeake Bay's oysters were once so bountiful that the waters of the Bay stayed clear through the action of billions of these filter feeders, so numerous that coastal Algonquin tribes never needed fear starvation in the centuries before European invaders brought about their near total destruction. Now, these important bivalves appear to be fated soon to disappear from the Chesapeake Bay.

According to the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, the Bay's oyster population is now 1% of its size two centuries ago, a figure disputed by the MD Dept. of Natural Resources, which claims the population has shrunk by 'only' 50%. The oysters are under chemical, biological and mechanical attack. People who work on the water blame the torrential outpouring of toxic spew from barely regulated industries in Baltimore. That, many believe, along with the runoff of chemically treated lawns and farm fields as well as sundry smaller sources is weakening reproductive and other organs in oysters (as well as other aquatic organisms) lowering their resistance to disease and shrinking the number of fertile oyster eggs.

Two parasites, Dermo and MSX, have decimated oysters in the saltier southern half of the Bay, and, from the north, Zebra mussels, imported from the Baltic Sea in the ballast water of freighters, are expected shortly to be transported from the Erie Canal to the headwaters of the Susquehanna River on the feet of migrating ducks and geese. Biologists fear that in the absence of natural predators, the fingernail-sized invaders will cover oysters of the less-salty northern half of the Bay in suffocating layer upon layer of mussels until the oysters perish from starvation. Razor, hard-shelled, and soft-shelled clams are also expected to be ravaged by the zebra mussels. Like the gypsy moth, zebra mussels are not going to go away, regardless of human machinations. We may have to accept the passing of an ecosystem and learn to live with a new one.

The Virginia government is okaying dredging of oyster preserves-places where heretofore no harvest has been allowed, except to supply 'seed oysters' for transplant to depleted oyster bars. This shortsighted practice is being allowed to provide (what else?) jobs.

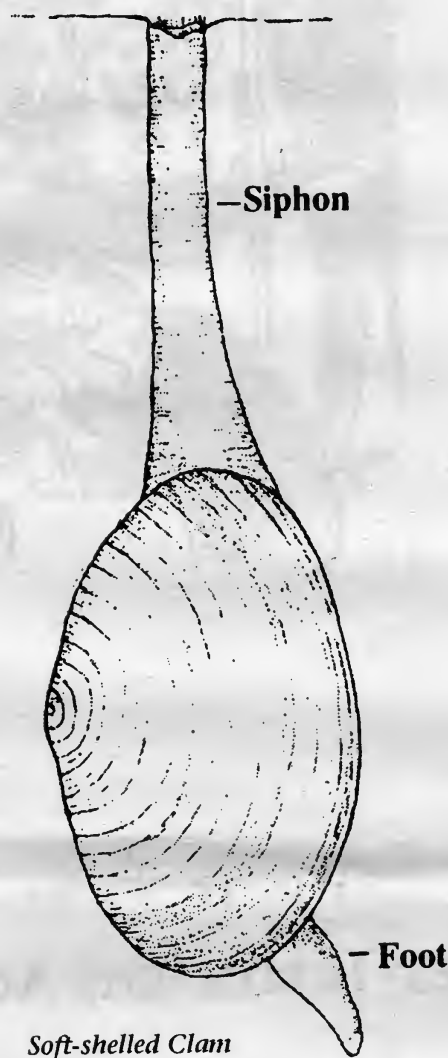
Developer Frenzy

The debacle of last winter's Maryland General Assembly has begun yielding its evil fruit: a surge of destruction is striking the undefended forests of the coastal plain. Bulldozers are about to begin gutting, among other sites, the two thousand acre South River Forest on behalf of EXXON's wholly owned subsidiary "Friendswood Development Corp." Home to countless birds, headwaters of two spawning streams, filled with all orders of life from unicellular to mammalian, molds and fungi to oaks and club mosses, the South River Forest is falling prey to EXXON's ambitions to drill for petroleum and natural gas in and around the Chesapeake Bay. By establishing an economic foothold in Maryland, EXXON apparently hopes to gain lobbyist leverage sufficient to tweak the state's spineless legislators into okaying "exploratory" drilling off the mouth of the Chesapeake. Because it was in the planning stage before the wimpy reforestation law was passed last winter, EXXON will not need to replace the shattered forest. If you want to join in a last ditch defense of the South River Forest, give Joe Lane a call at (301) 779-1740.

Fort Meade Follies

Despite clear public sentiment to the contrary, Anne Arundel County executive Robert Neall is trying to drum up political support for a scheme to develop sensitive acreage at Fort Meade. Claiming that building a business complex on 470 acres of land, including part of the Little Patuxent River would defray the expenses of converting and operating nearby Tipton

Army Airfield as a general aviation airfield, Neall sent a secret letter to Senator Barbara Mikulski asking her to delay introducing a bill that would turn over the land in question to the Fish & Wildlife Service. She has done so. Local congressman Tom McMillen, never one to make a stand if at all possible, is straddling the fence, saying he supports turning the forested land over to the USF&W, but also believes Neall should have a chance to promote his scheme. It appears that Neall is just pimping for his 'developer constituency.'



Soft-shelled Clam

Local planners and activists are outraged. Never, they say, was there any interest among the panel of citizens and politicians that organized the disposition of Fort Meade forests in converting Tipton airfield to a general aviation airfield. They are dead set against ANY development in Fort Meade. Let your voice join theirs. Call Senator Mikulski's office at (202) 224-3121, and Rep. McMillen's office at (202) 225-3121. Tell the Senator to stop delaying the introduction of her bill to protect ALL of Fort Meade's released forests and wetlands. Tell McMillen to stop being so gutless and put the people's and ecosystem's needs before his own personal interests. Don't delay!

The Bay Is Sinking! The Bay Is Sinking!

Such an incredibly large amount of silt eroding from farms, construction, roadbuilding and shorelines has entered the Chesapeake that the very Bay itself is sinking! According to a joint study by researchers from the University of Maryland and the Horn Point biological laboratory, the approximately 8.8 billion tons of silt that have entered the Bay over the last century are causing a geological phenomenon called 'downwarping.'

Under this tremendous additional weight, the floor of the Bay is sinking, dragging the shore down with it. This then allows for more shoreline erosion, causing heavier deposits of silt, causing the Bay floor to sink further, causing more erosion. . .

One victim of downwarping appears to be Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge, whose marshes are rapidly being replaced with open water.



Toxic Crabs

The big polluters of Baltimore Harbor have been using a lawsuit to hold off Maryland's new water pollution control law. The suit began on Earth Day 1990 and is still going strong. This is allowing them to keep dumping hazardous levels of lead, cadmium, arsenic and other toxins into the water. Crabs are bioaccumulating this stuff, and the MD Dept. of the Environment refuses to issue a public warning. Activists, boaters, chemists and biologists are needed for an unusual campaign to bring accountability to these polluting scum. Call Ron Huber at (301) 855-4241 and leave a message to get involved.



Zebra mussels



the blank wall



Tired of seeing computer-generated text stacked in neat little columns? Feel like your bioregion doesn't get enough editorial attention? Don't despair. Just send us enough material to fill up the center section of the journal.

We will not edit the Blank Wall. Arrange it as you desire. You will be completely responsible for anything you print on your pages. Lay it out if you want to, or take advantage of whatever expertise we may be able to offer.

Tell us when you want to fill the Blank Wall, and you will get your chance when your turn comes around, unless another group needs the space for a particularly urgent issue. Have at!

The Abstract Wild

By JACK TURNER

The Abstract Wild originally appeared in *Witness in an edition devoted to new nature writing*. That volume of *Witness* will be published in book form this winter by Texas A&M Press.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction
—William Blake, *The Prophetic Books*

The mountains have many moods. Even under clear summer skies I require my clients to pack warm clothing, to be prepared for the worst. I am a mountain climbing guide, and like all mountain climbing guides I am a skeptic about mountain weather. We abide by a local adage: only fools and newcomers predict the weather in the Tetons. If someone does not have the right equipment—a hat or a pair of warm pants—I send them to Orville's, a nearby Army surplus store that sells cheap wool clothing. Once, however, I sent a client to Orville's for pants and he came back without them, although he did not reveal this until later, after the climb was well underway. Since he was ill-prepared for our venture I was annoyed, and said so. He replied that the only pants available at Orville's were old German army pants; he would not wear them.

My client was a Jew. He offered no further explanation, no list of principles; he expressed no hate. The decision was visceral, as private as the touch of fabric and skin.

His action suggests a code: if justice is impossible, honor the loss with acts of remembrance, acts that count for little in the world, but which, if sustained, might count for oneself, might shore up a portion of integrity. Refuse to forgive, cherish your anger, remind others. His code was old-fashioned, almost Biblical. A less impassioned attitude, indeed, an almost indifferent one, was expressed by then Vice-President Bush when he visited Auschwitz in September, 1987: "Boy, they sure were big on crematoriums, weren't they?"

I understood my client. His conviction opposes our tendency to tolerate everything, to accept, to forget, to forgive, to get on with life, to be realistic, to get over our losses. We accept living with nuclear weapons, toxic wastes, oil spills, rape, murder, starvation, smog, racism, teenage suicide, torture, mountains of garbage, genocide, dams, dead lakes, and the daily loss of species. Most of the time we don't even think about it.

I, too, abhor this tolerance for anything and everything. My client's refusal stems from the Holocaust; mine started with the damming of the Glen Canyon of the Colorado River and its tributaries, especially the Escalante River, and specifically Davis Gulch, which I visited twice in 1963 just before it was drowned by the waters of Lake Powell. Visitors now houseboat and water-ski hundreds of feet above places where I first experienced wilderness. It broke my heart then; I am still angry about it now. I am angry that Wallace Stegner and the late Edward Abbey would boat around Lake Powell as guests of universities and the US government, I am angry with those who vacation on houseboats there, I am angry with friends who kayak and skin-dive its waters. I make a point of being nasty about it.

Some find it obscene to mention the loss of six million people and the loss of one ecosystem in the same breath. I am not ignorant of the difference in magnitude, but I refuse to recognize a difference in causation. In the September 11, 1989 *High Country News*, there is a picture of eleven severed mountain lion heads stacked in a pyramid at the base of a cottonwood tree. You can see the details of their faces; they are individuals. The association with death camps is involuntary. These are only eleven of the 250,000 wild predators killed by the U.S. government in 1987. No one raised a voice to the Animal Damage Control division of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. No one got angry. These deaths, the destruction of the rain forest, and the death of 2 million Cambodians have a common source, a source that deserves our rage, but a source that we do not yet comprehend.

It is now often said (ever since Wendell Berry stated it so clearly and forcefully) that our ecological crisis is a crisis of character, not a political or social crisis. This said, we falter, for it remains unclear what, exactly, is the crisis of modern character; and since character is partly determined by culture, what, exactly, is the crisis of modern culture. Answers to these questions are not to be found in the writings of Thoreau, or Muir, or ecologists ("deep" or otherwise). Answers, always controversial, are found in the study of the Holocaust, the study of "primitive" peoples untouched by our madness, and in the study of the self.

Although the ecological crisis appears new (because it is now "news") it is not new; only the scale and the form are new. We lost the wild bit by bit for 10,000 years and forgave each loss and then forgot. Now we face the final loss. Although no other crisis in human history can match it, our commentary is strangely muted and sad, as though catastrophe was happening to us, not caused by us. Even the most knowledgeable and enlightened continue to eat food soaked in chemicals (herbicides, pesticides and hormones), wear plastic clothes (our beloved polypropylene), buy Japanese (despite their annual slaughter of dolphins), and vote Republican—all the while blathering on in abstract language about our ecological crisis. This is denial, and behind denial is a rage, the most common emotion of my generation; but it is suppressed, and we remain silent in the face of evil.

Why is this rage a silent rage, a quiet impotent protest that doesn't extend beyond the confines of our private world? Why don't people speak out, why don't they *do* something? The courage and resistance shown by the Navajos at Big Mountain, by Polish workers, by Blacks in South Africa, and, most extraordinarily, by Chinese students in Tiananmen Square render much of the environmental protest in America shallow and ineffective. With the exception of a few members of Earth First!, Sea Shepherd, and Greenpeace, we are a nation of environmental cowards. Why?



Effective protest is grounded in anger, and we are not (consciously) angry. Anger nourishes hope and and fuels rebellion; it presumes a judgment, presumes how things ought to be and aren't, presumes a care. Emotion is still the best evidence of belief and value.

Our most recent conceit is that certain places and animals and forests are "sacred." We have forgotten that sacred is a social word and that "sacred for me" is as irrelevant as "legal for me." We ignore that our culture is as sacred as any other because we do not distinguish between formal and popular religion. If it is true that our national parks are sacred, it is also true that Disneyland is sacred, and that the location of President Kennedy's assassination is sacred. But these pilgrimage sites are sacred because of the function of entertainment and tourism in our culture. In a commercial culture the sacred will have a commercial base.

We have forgotten the relation between violence and the sacred, forgotten that the wars in Ireland, Palestine, and Kashmir are, in part, about sacred land (and, in part, as Joseph Campbell points out, about mistaking a piece of real estate for the "Kingdom of God"). If you go to Mecca and blaspheme the Black Stone, the believers will feed you to the midges, piece by piece. Go to Yellowstone and destroy grizzlies and grizzly habitat and the believers will dress up in bear costumes, sing songs, and sign petitions. This is charming, but it is not rage, and it suggests no sense of blasphemy. The sacred must be more than personal preference.

It would be helpful to acknowledge that we fear our rage for two reasons: it might lead us to do something illegal, thus threatening our freedoms; and it might lead us to violence. This fear is justified. Any form of resistance to public or private authority that is

effective (e.g., spiking trees) must of necessity become a felony. Historically, continued effective disobedience has to be met with violence. At Amritsar, India, in 1919, the British slaughtered 379 non-violent demonstrators in cold blood and wounded more than 1,000. In 1930 they murdered 70 more at Peshawar. The non-violent demonstrators in Norway who successfully resisted German attempts to teach Nazi ideology in Norwegian schools were sent to concentration camps. Remember Kent State?

Violence breeds violence. In the October 1967 demonstrations at the Pentagon, protesters were non-violent until U.S. Marshals began dragging women by their hair and beating them in the groin with clubs. Only then did the demonstrators riot. The cant of messianic humanism conceals our culture's highest command: thou shalt not defy authority. To effectively protest the destruction of the earth we will have to face these facts, surmount these fears.

A *sacred* rage does often surmount these fears. The belief, emotion, and action of the little Christian lady arrested for protesting abortion can reasonably be connected to the sacred. So can the non-violent protest of a Buddhist peace activist. So can the terrorist activities of a Moslem fanatic. Whether we like or dislike these acts, think them good or bad, or right or wrong, is irrelevant to their being sacred. They are sacred because of their origin. For the believer, the sacred is the *source* of belief, emotion, and action, what is good and what is right; it *determines* life and is immune to merely secular legal and ethical judgements. This is vital religion, lived belief. Old forests will be sacred, and their destruction blasphemous, when we demonstrate that *our* rage is immune to secular judgment. The hard question is this: do we want an environmental *religion*? Do we want nature to be *sacred*? I am inclined to agree with Dogen Zenji: "Clearly nothing is sacred—hard as iron."

Effective protests are grounded in a refusal to accept what is normal. We accept a diminished world as normal; we accept a diminished way of life as normal; we accept diminished human beings as normal. What was once considered pathological becomes statistically common and eventually "normal"—a move that veils a move toward abstraction. Decayed teeth are statistically common, just like smog and environmentally-caused cancers. That a statistically-common decayed tooth is also an abnormal tooth, a pathological tooth, a diminished tooth, a painful, horrible, mind-bending tooth, is a fact we ignore. Until it is our tooth. At present most of us do not experience the loss of the wild like we experience a toothache. That is the problem. The "normal" wilderness most people know is a charade of areas, zones, and management plans which is driving the real wild into oblivion, but we deny this, accepting the semblance instead of demanding the real. This too is normal. The real loss is not experienced.

Effective protests are grounded in a coherent vision of an alternative; we have no coherent vision of an alternative to our present maladies. Deep Ecology does not, as yet, offer a coherent vision. Our main resources for Deep Ecology, the books by Sessions, Devall, and La Chappelle, are hodgepodes of lists, principles, declarations, quotations, clippings from every conceivable tradition, and tidbits of New Age kitsch. The authors do not clearly say what they mean; they do not forcefully argue for what they believe; they do not create anything new. That some are professional philosophers is all the more confounding. Presented as revolutionary tracts aimed at subverting Western Civilization, these works embarrass us with their intellectual timidity and flaccid prose. Compare them with other revolutionary works—*Leviathan*, the *Social Contract*, the *Communist Manifesto*—or even the work of contemporary European thinkers such as Foucault or Habermas and we glimpse the depth of our muddle.

Deep Ecology is suspicious. It lacks passion, an absence that is acutely disturbing given the current state of affairs. A reading of Marx's theses on Feuerbach is in order, especially the 11th: "Philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point, however, is to change it." If we do not change the world soon, Deep Ecology will become an obtuse form of necrophilia.

Apathy, complacency, docility and cowardice are not new; they were, for instance, major subjects of both *Walden* and "Resistance to Civil Government." (It is always helpful to recall that for most of their lives Thoreau and Muir were considered maladjusted failures, even by those that knew and loved them.) But for the present let it be, at best, controversial, and at worse improper, to have strong moral feelings about the treatment of animals, plants, and places—an emotional mistake—like being in love with the number 2. Let the case for the destruction of the earth rest—we are smothered with facts; they are both depressing and

endless. What is shocking is that we are all "good Germans." That is *our* problem, and a problem we can attempt, at least, to solve.

The social reasons for our apathy are numerous: religious traditions (Christian and Buddhist) that glorify acceptance and condemn emotion (particularly anger) and judgment; a political ideology that extols relativism, pluralism, tolerance, and pragmatism in internal affairs (although not in external affairs—until recently it was all right to hate the "Commies" and be enraged at their "evil"); the inertia of any social structure; a claustrophobic conformity behind a mask of individualism; and a love of expediency that is short-sighted and self-serving. The most readily accepted social criticism in our society is cloaked in humor—the political cartoons of Gary Trudeau and Gary Larson, for example. Ordinary people don't talk of normal and abnormal. We no longer talk of good and evil; we talk about what we like and dislike, as if discussing ice cream. To defend our likes and dislikes we quote opinion polls and surveys that track the gentle undulations of the true, the good, and the beautiful.

There are also private reasons for apathy and indifference. As Marcuse noted 25 years ago: "The intellectual and emotional refusal 'to go along' appears neurotic and impotent." Even as citizens of the alleged high-point of Western Civilization, we are ridiculed for equating public pathology and personal tragedy. Criticize the greed of the rich and you are envious; become enraged at the killing of 100,000 dolphins every year and you are *infantile*; protest the FBI's harassment of dissident organizations and you have a *problem with authority*; condemn the state for exposing citizens to radiation from nuclear-arms testing and you are *unpatriotic*. The reduction of social criticism to social defect is incessant in our culture and has the crippling effect of diminishing our outrage and numbing our moral imagination. Convinced that it is really *our* problem, we fail to be astonished by evil; living nightmares no longer awaken us. We are put down, so we shut up, abandoning the prospect of autonomy, self-respect, and integrity.

Signing more petitions, giving money, or joining another environmental organization helps some, but it is too abstract to help us and *our* problem. These means are too far from the end, the intention unachieved. Indeed, our apathy and cowardice stem, in part from this: these abstractions *never* work; they *never* achieve for us a sense of power and fulfillment; they correct neither the cause nor the effect. We end up feeling helpless, and since it is human nature to want to avoid feeling helpless, we become dissociated, cynical, and depressed. Better to live in the presence of the wild—feel it, smell it, see it—and do some small thing that is real and succeeds—like Gary Nabhan's preservation of wild seeds, or Doug Peacock's study of grizzlies. Thoreau's "In Wildness is the Preservation of the World" is exact truth. We know that in the end moral efficacy will manifest knowledge and love—our intimacies. We no longer know or love the wild. So we no longer value it. Instead, we accept substitutes, imitations, semblances, and fakes—the diminished wild. We accept abstract information in place of personal experience and communication. This removes us from the true wild and severs our recognition of its value. Most people don't even miss it. Most people *literally* do not know what we are talking about.

In 1928, Walter Benjamin sadly remarked, "The earliest customs of peoples seem to send us a warning that in accepting what we receive so abundantly from nature we should guard against a gesture of avarice. For we are able to make Mother Earth no gift of our own." Now a gift is possible: knowledge, passion, courage, and a long list of heresies (often called felonies). We must become so intimate with wild animals, with plants and places, that we answer to their destruction from the gut. Like when we discover the landlady strangling our cat.

If anything is endangered in America it is our experience of wild nature—gross *contact*. There is knowledge only the wild can give us, knowledge specific to it, knowledge specific to the experience of it. These are its gifts to us. In this, wilderness is no different from music, painting, poetry, or love: concede the abundance, respond with grace. The problem is that we no longer know what these gifts are. In our noble effort to go beyond anthropocentric defenses of nature, to emphasize its intrinsic value and right to exist independently of us, we forget the reciprocity between the wild in nature and the wild in us, between knowledge of the wild and knowledge of the self that was central to all primitive cultures.

Once the meaning of the wild is forgotten, because the relevant experience is lost, we abuse the word, literally, mis-use it. The savagery and brutality of gang rape is now called "wilding," and in New Age retreats men search for a "wild man within." It is doubtful these people have been in a wilderness. They don't know what wild means. They don't "know," that is, in the sense of having experienced it, though they may "know" it abstractly. (Bertrand Russell put the difference nicely: knowledge by acquaintance and knowl-

edge by description.)

Why do we associate the savage, the brutal, and the wild? The savagery of nature fades to nothing compared to the savagery of human agency. The most civilized nations on the planet killed 60 to 70 million of each other's citizens in the 30-year span from the beginning of World War I to the end of World War II. Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, Rousseau, Dogen, Mill, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Manet, Basho, Van Gogh, and Hokusai didn't make any difference. The rule of law, human rights, democracy, the sovereignty of nations, liberal education, tradition, scientific method, and the presence of an Emperor God didn't make any difference. Protestantism, Catholicism, Greek and Russian Orthodoxy, Buddhism, Shintoism, and Islam didn't make any difference. How can we, at this time in history, think of a bear or a wolf as savage? Why laugh at the idea of the noble savage when we have discovered no "savage" as savage as civilized man?

Why equate the wild only with the masculine, as though the feminine were not also wild? The wild is neither and both. The easiest way to experience a bit of what the wild was like is to go into a great forest at night alone. Sit quietly for awhile. Something very old will return. It is well described by Ortega y Gasset in *Meditations on Hunting*: "The hunter needs to prepare an attention which does not consist in riveting itself on the presumed but consists precisely in not assuming anything and in avoiding inattentiveness. It is a 'universal' attention, which does not inscribe itself on any point and tries to be on all points." This is very close to a description of certain meditation techniques, especially "shikantaza," a practice of the Soto sect of Zen. It is not an accident that Lama Govinda believed meditation arose among the hunting cultures of the Himalayan foothills; it is not an accident that the Balti and the Golok handle utensils like masters of the Tea Ceremony. Alone in the forest, time is less "dense," less filled with information; space is very "close," smell and hearing and touch reassert themselves. It is keenly sensual. It is a true wilderness we are like that much of the time, even in broad daylight. Alert, careful, literally "full of care." Not because of principles or practice, but because of something very old.

The majority of Americans have no experience of the wild. We are surrounded by national parks, wilderness areas, wildlife preserves, sanctuaries and refuges. We love to visit them. We also visit foreign parks and wilderness; we visit wild, exotic cultures. We are deluged with commercial images of wildness: coffee table books, calendars, postcards, posters, T-shirts, and placemats. There are nature movies. A comprehensive bibliography of nature books would strain a small computer. There are hundreds of nature magazines with every conceivable emphasis: Yuppie outdoor magazines, geographical magazines, philosophy magazines, scientific magazines, ecology magazines, and political magazines. Zoos and animal parks and marine lands abound, displaying a selection of beasts exceeded only by Noah's.

From this we conclude that modern man's knowledge and experience of wild nature is extensive. But it is not extensive. Rather, what we have is extensive experience of a severely diminished wilderness animal or place—a *caricature* of its former self; or, we have extensive indirect experience of wild nature via photographic images and the written word. This is not experience of the wild, not gross contact.

The national parks were created for and by tourism and they emphasize what interests a tourist—the picturesque and the odd. They are managed with two ends in mind: entertainment and preservation. Most visitors rarely leave their cars except to eat, sleep or go to the john. (In Grand Teton National Park, 93% of the visitors never visit the backcountry.) If visitors do make other stops, it is at designated picturesque "scenes" or educational exhibits presenting interesting facts—the names of the peaks, a bit of history—or, very occasionally, for passive recreation, a ride in a boat or an organized nature walk. None of this is accidental. It results from carefully designed "management plans" that channel the flow of tourists according to maximum utility—utility defined by ends of entertainment, efficiency, and preservation.

The problem is not what people do in the parks; it is what they are discouraged or prevented from doing. No one, for instance, is encouraged to climb mountains, backpack, or canoe alone. Hikers are discouraged from traveling off-trail, especially in unpatrolled areas with difficult rescue. They are often prohibited from remote areas where they might encounter bears, or else travel is restricted to groups. Their movements are always tracked. It is *illegal* to wander around the national parks without a permit defining where you go and where you stay and how long you stay. In every manner conceivable national parks separate us from wildness.

If we go into a designated wilderness area, say the Bridger-Teton, we are slightly less restricted, but we find as much degradation of the wild environment. We see signs and hike horse trails and cross sturdy bridges and find maps on large boards and trail junc-

tions. We meet patrolling rangers, Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops working on character, and the National Outdoor Leadership School teaching "wilderness" skills in a corporate management seminar. We meet trail crews, pack trains and hikers galore.

At night we see the distant lights of cities and highways and sodium vapor lamps in the yards of farms and ranches. Satellites pass overhead. By day, contrails from commercial jets mar the sky; military planes, private jets, small aircraft, and helicopters are a common presence. We camp by a lake, the outlet of which is filled with spawning golden trout. We notice they are thin as smelt. They are not indigenous to these mountains. Around camp, many small trees have been cut down by Basque sheepherders. The trails of their herds are ubiquitous; domestic sheep still graze this wilderness. In autumn we find hunting camps the size of military installations, the hunters better armed than Green Berets. Many of the camps use salt licks to lure the elk, deer, and moose. If we wander out of this narrow "wilderness zone," we walk straight into clear-cut forest, logging roads, and oil wells.

This is no longer the wild, no longer a wilderness; and yet we continue to accept it as wilderness and call our time there "wilderness experience." We *believe* we make contact with the wild, but this is an illusion. In both the national parks and wilderness areas we accept a reduced category of experience, a semblance of the wild nature, a fake. And no one complains.

We visit the zoo or Sea World to see wild animals, but they are not wild, they have been tamed, rendered dependent and obedient. We learn nothing of their essential life in nature. We do not see them hunt or gather their food. We do not see them mate. We do not see them interact with other species. We do not see them interact with their habitat. Their numbers and their movements are artificial. We see them controlled. We see them trained. In most cases they are as docile, apathetic, and bored as the people watching them. If we visit wild animals in sanctuaries we are protected by buses and Land Rovers and observation towers. We are separated from any direct experience of the wild animals we came to visit. No contact? Why call it a visit?

The majority of people who feel anguish about whales have never seen a whale at sea; the majority who desire to reintroduce wolves to Yellowstone have never seen a wolf in the wild, and some, no doubt, have never been to Yellowstone. We feel agony about bludgeoned seal pups and shredded dolphins without ever having touched one or smelled one or watched it swim. However much these emotions promote environmental causes, they remain suspect, for the object of the emotion is experienced through a *medium*, via movies, TV, the printed word, or snapshots. They pass as quickly as our feelings about the evening news or our favorite film. They are the emotions of an *audience*, the emotions of *sad entertainment*. We cry our hearts out about "Old Yeller"; the Humane Society has to destroy thousands of dogs and cats because homes cannot be found for them.

Dissatisfied with the semblances and imitations at home we travel abroad in a search for the real thing. But there isn't anything different out there, no *exotic* context by which to judge the absence of context in our lives. The context remains, in the apt phrase George Trow, "the context of no context." We do not find the Other. We can spend a lifetime in parks and wilderness areas and on adventure travel trips and remain starved for wild country and wild people.

Thirty years ago no foreigner had set foot in Khumbu, the beautiful valley that approaches Everest from the south. When I started going there thirteen years ago it was advertised as a remote wilderness, despite the presence of thousands of Sherpas in dozens of villages. Sometimes it is still advertised that way—an exotic Shangri-la. That this is false is not the point; it is the form and magnitude of the con that is important, the "size" of the illusion.

Now, tens of thousands of foreigners visit the region every year. Most arrive by plane at the village of Lukla. The trail from there to the old Everest Base Camp - Interstate "E" - is always crowded with tourists, many of them in shorts and sandals with Pan Am flight bags over their shoulders containing all they need for several weeks in this wilderness.

In Namche Bazaar I recently stayed at a hotel owned by a Sherpa I worked with years ago. I slept in one of the "special" rooms separated from the dorm used by most tourists. On the wall are two scribbles. One is the signature of former President Jimmy Carter. The other is the signature of Richard Blum, husband of former San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein. Both needed to let us know they slept in this special room in this remote wilderness. In the morning I was served the first omelette prepared in the hotel's new microwave oven, the first microwave in Khumbu. It was so hard I barely got it down. The cook, who happens to be the owner's wife, said "Sherpa way better" and headed back to the kitchen in disgust. Right! That next winter electricity came to Thyangboche monastery and promptly burned it down.

At the old British Base Camp in Tibet, on the north side of Everest, is an old bare concrete platform awaiting a communications satellite dish that will improve weather predictions for climbing expeditions. Soon there will be a hotel.

The north side of K2 is more difficult to reach. Fly to Beijing. Fly from Beijing to Urumchi. Fly from Urumchi to Kashgar. Drive two days by Toyota Land Cruiser or Mitsubishi bus to Mazar on the long road between Kashgar and Lhasa. Ride camels for a week (they are required for the many fordings of the Shaksgam river.) Walk for several days up a glacier. What do you find? Skeletons of tents, with pieces of nylon flapping in the breeze. Inside are boxes of unused stainless steel pressure cookers, cases of antipasto, and Italian magazines. On a ridge above the glacier is a concrete platform with a radar dish.

Tibet is still described as wild, exotic, and forbidden. When in Lhasa, I stay in a large, modern hotel operated by Holiday Inn. The manager meets me at the door. He is an Englishman dressed in an impeccable three-piece Saville Row suit and speaks with an Oxford accent. My room is like any other Holiday Inn room. It has closed-circuit television. In the lobby, during cocktail hour, there is a string quartet that plays Mozart and Beethoven. I drink Guinness Stout and Corvouisier Cognac. I dine on pasta and Yakburgers.

In the streets I see a Red Army soldier driving a lime-green Mercedes Benz; another soldier drives a cobalt blue Jeep Cherokee. Golok nomads wander the bazaar wearing yak-skin boots, woolen breeches, and cloaks of Tibetan "chuba" fringed with snow leopard fur. Their hair, entwined with scarlet cloth, is gathered on top of their heads. One carries a ghetto-blaster the size of a small suitcase. The volume makes me wince. He is playing Bruce Springsteen.

The preferred style of dress for young male Tibetans in Lhasa is called "Kathmandu Cowboy": black Hong Kong cowboy boots, stone-washed Levis, a black silk shirt, gold necklace, and Elvis Presley hair cut. Young Tibetan women date Chinese soldiers.

I am thankful for the small things. Once at a monastery outside of Lhasa, I witnessed a senior monk debating with a large gathering of students. He shouted his questions, clapping and stomping to an eight-count beat. His students shouted their answers, trying to keep up with his furious pace, and he continued at the same furious pace. When they failed to answer correctly he would brush the back of one hand with the back of the other, dismissively smiling and laughing. The students, animated and responsive, would try again.

Once I saw a pilgrim circumambulating the Jokhang monastery through the Barkhor bazaar. He was wearing only yak-skin boots and woolen breeches; in the middle of his back, a gilded prayer box the size of a gallon of milk hung from a thick leather strap slung over one shoulder. He chanted continuously in a strong voice, first holding his hands in prayer high over his head, then bowing hard to the ground in the middle of the bazaar - first knees, then chest, then elbows, his hands still held in prayer over his head. Then he would rise, take one step to the left, and repeat his prayer. Though the bazaar was packed with people there was a forty-foot circle around him. No one interfered; very few tourists had the temerity to photograph him, and then only from a great distance. He is the only wild human being I have seen during fifteen years of travel in Asia. A modern Milarepa.

At the Dalai Lama's old summer palace - the Norbulingka - there is a zoo, his private zoo. There are long trenches cut in the ground for yaks and buffalo; all they can see is the sky. There are small cages for wolves and fox and cats and bears. In one of the cages there is a bear the Chinese call "ma-shang." We would call it a grizzly. I think of Buddhism's first vow — "Beings are numberless: I vow to enlighten them" — trying to discover the proper relation between the Dalai Lama, enlightenment, and a caged ma-shang. I feel that I have arrived at the end of a long labyrinth and found a mirror.

These places *are* beautiful; these people *are* wonderful. I continue to go there are always will. There are small pockets of wilderness left, and a few wild people, but, in general, the wilderness and the people of the wilderness are gone; wild things cannot necessarily be reached by travel. We perpetuate the idea that it is out there, we console ourselves with feeble imitations, we seek reassurance in nature entertainment and outdoor sports. But it is nearly gone. Unless we change the world soon the wild will be but a memory in the minds of a few people. When they die it will die with them, and the wild will become completely abstract.

What is wrong with all this fun and entertainment, with this imitation of what was once a real and potent Other? Nothing, if it is recognized for what it is - a poor substitute. But we do not note that the wild is missing, and it is not clear how we might re-establish contact with wild things. It is probably best to begin now with what we are emotionally closest to—animals. Plants can come later, places last. Despite all the eco-babble to the contrary, at present we do not understand what it might mean to communicate with

a plant or a place as Native Americans did. Unfortunately, the conditions under which we might form a relationship with wild animals are also diminishing.

The story is repeated daily in the media. A natural habitat is eroded or lost, a species suffers, becomes endangered, or is lost. Efforts are made to save it, study it, and arouse public sympathy for its plight. This always sounds so inevitable, as though the loss of habitat is as incorrigible or as implacable as fate. There is no mention of human agency, no suggestion that we are responsible for the loss of wilderness habitat, no possibility that we could have done otherwise, that we could reverse this horrible situation, no suggestion that we have this power, no realization that the abstract language of wildlife management aids and abets the continued loss of wild habitat, no acknowledgment that a zoo, a circus, a Sea World, a national park, is a *business*. Reading these articles, hundreds of them, we never discover why an orca like Shamu has to jump through 10,000 hoops next year to help make 338 million dollars for the parks division of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Inc.

Zoos are getting bigger and more "natural"; wildlife sanctuaries and national parks are "islands," too small and increasingly artificial. Yellowstone National Park is really a megazoo. *Everything is exploited and managed, now; it's just a matter of degree. Accept this. It's normal. Nothing to be done.*

When we deal in such abstractions boundaries are blurred, between the real and the fake, the wild and the tame, between independent and dependent, between the original and the copy, between the healthy and the diminished. Blurring takes the edge off loss and removes us from our responsibilities. Wild nature is not lost, we have collected it; you can go see it whenever you want. With the aid of our infinite artifice this fake has replaced the natural. It's not really *very* different from the original! Why worry? As Umberto Eco observes in *Travels in Hyperreality*, "The ideology of this America wants to establish reassurance through imitation." And that ideology has succeeded; we are reassured, we are not angry, we are not even upset.

Abstraction masks horror. A zoo is a very different kind of place from the wild; a caricature requires an original. A zoo, a Sea World is at best a fake habitat presenting pseudo-wild animals to the public for entertainment and financial reward. The wild is the original, the wild is home. The bigger and more naturalistic the megazoo, the "better" the fake. But it is still a fake. And why we should or should not accept this fake is a subject that cannot be addressed by the abstractions of wildlife management.

Abstraction displaces emotion, constraining us to relate to the "problems" of wild animals rationally - the excuses of scientific knowledge, commerce, and philanthropy. It leaves us without an explanation of our emotional relations to animals. It cannot explain why I went berserk, amok, at the zoo in Mysore, India, at the sight of a crowd pelting an American mountain lion trapped in a cage on a small wooden platform. This animal was suffering due to a very un-abstract cause. She had been sold to a foreign business for purposes of amusement and profit, and human beings there were mistreating her. Nothing unusual here. *Normal*.

Her suffering was obscene, the solution simple: she needed to get home. To run along rims through pinyon and cedar and crouch and leap and dance on her toes sideways, her tail curled high in the air to seduce a mate and then hunt with him in the moonlight and eat deer and cows and sheep and make little pumas and die of old age on warm sandstone by a clear spring at the end of a gulch dense with cottonwood and box elder.

The condors need to get home, too. So do the orcas. That they no longer have a home is not their problem. (That homeless humans no longer have a home is not their problem.) It is our problem; we have done it. The solution is to give them their home. (The solution for the homeless is equally simple: to give them their home.) Why is this so difficult to conceive or act upon? Part of the answer is this: we no longer have a home except in a brute commercial sense; home is where the bills come. To seriously help homeless humans and animals would require a sense of home that was not commercial. The Eskimo, the Aranda, the Sioux, belonged to one place. Where is our *habitat*? Where do we belong?

"All sites of enforced marginalization - ghettos, shanty towns, prisons, madhouses, concentration camps - have something in common with zoos." (John Berger, *Why Look At Animals*?) If we add Indian reservations, aquariums, and botanical gardens to this list, then a pattern emerges. Removed from their home, living things become marginal, and what becomes marginal is diminished or destroyed. Of bedrock importance is community, for humans, animals and plants.

We know that the historical move from community to society proceeded by destroying local structures - religion, economy, food patterns, custom, possessions, families, traditions - and replacing these with national or international, structures that created the modern "individual" and integrated him into society.

Modern man lost his home; in the process, everything else did, too. That is why Aldo Leopold's Land Ethic is so frighteningly radical; it renders this process *morally wrong*. "A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise." Apply this principle to people, animals, and plants and the last 10,000 years of history is *evil*.

We are repeatedly told that the nature entertainment and recreation industries help the environment. After an orca killed another orca at Sea World the veterinarian responsible for the whales claimed that children often "come away with knowledge they didn't have before and a fascination that doesn't go away... they become advocates for the marine environment." We hear the same general argument about national parks and wilderness areas; they must be entertaining and recreational or the public will not support environmental issues. And contact with exotic cultures is defended by saying it is required to save them.

This argument is no different from the one given by the Marine officer in Vietnam who explained the destruction of a village by saying, "We had to destroy it in order to save it." The first "it" here is real - people, plants, animals, houses: what was destroyed. The second "it" is abstract - a political category: the now non-existent village we "saved" from the Viet Cong.

What, exactly, is the "it" we are trying to save in all the national parks, wilderness areas, sanctuaries, and zoos? What are we traveling abroad to find? I suggest that part of the answer is this: something connected with our home.

That, of course, is not the usual answer. The usual answer is mass recreation sites and mass entertainment programs. We have succeeded admirably. Nature recreation and entertainment is a multi-billion dollar business - the Nature Business. Hundreds of thousands of people in the government and in the private sector depend on the nature business for their livelihood, depend on a caricature defended by obscure abstractions.

If the answer is wild nature and the experience of wild nature, then we have failed miserably. For intimacy with the fake will not save the real. Many people believe that continued experience with caricatures creates a desire to experience the real wild. In my experience it is more likely to produce a desire for more caricatures.

The illusion of contact with the wild provided by national parks, wilderness areas, and Sea Worlds actually *diverts* us from the wild. Knowledge gained from these experiences creates an *illusion* of intimacy that masks our true ignorance and leads to complacency and apathy in the face of our true loss. We are inundated by "nature" but do not care about nature. We do not care that Shamu is in exile from a home in the sea.

We might call this failure "Muir's Mistake." He did not see clearly enough, if at all, that his experience of the wild — intimate, poetic and visionary — *could never* be duplicated by Sierra Club trips. In 1895 he told the Sierra Club "...if people in general could be got into the woods, even for once, to hear the trees speak for themselves, all difficulties in the way of forest preservation would vanish." They got into the woods, but they did not hear the trees speak. Muir could not understand then that setting aside a wild area would not, in itself, foster intimacy with the wild. Yosemite Valley is now more like Coney Island than a wilderness. He could not know that the organization and commercialization of anything, including wilderness, would destroy the sensuous, mysterious, empathic, absorbed identification he was trying to save and express. He could not know that even the wild would eventually succumb to commodicide - death by commodification.

The world of Thoreau and Muir — the mid-nineteenth century — was bright with hope and optimism. In spite of that, they were angry and expressed their anger with power and determination. Thoreau went to jail for his beliefs. Our times are darker; such optimism seems impossible at the end of this century. Our world looks backward, obsessed with memory and forgetting. Something vast and crucial has vanished. Our rage should be as vast. Refuse to forgive, cherish your anger, remind others. We have no excuses.

It was a place for heathenism and superstitious rites — to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we. We walked over it with a certain awe... it was a specimen of what God saw fit to make this world. What is to be admitted to a museum, to see a myriad of particular things, compared with being shown some star's surface, some hard matter in its home! I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am bound has become so strange to me. I fear not spirits or ghosts, of which I am one — that my body taught — but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries! — Think of our life in nature — daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it — rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the solid earth! the actual world! the common sense! Contact! Contact!

—Thoreau, "Ktaadn"

Alaska's Wolves Still "Fair" Game

BY UNLEASHED

Wolf management planners have trouble with legalities. The team formulating recommendations for wolf reintroduction in Yellowstone just had its scheme rejected out of hand by Congress since the plan amounted to a trashing of the Endangered Species Act. Now Alaska's wolf management planning team has issued its final report without recommending against same-day-airborne or land-and-shoot hunting, practices widely regarded as violating the Federal Airborne Hunting Act—not to mention the rights of wolves.

Members of the Alaska Wolf Management Planning Team were drawn from the gamut of interested parties in the state with the basic line of contention falling between consumptive and non-consumptive "users" of wolves. Four "environmentalists" sat on the panel with 14 other members representing sport and subsistence hunting, trapping, the fur industry, and government wolf management. The magic word was compromise; thus wolf advocates proceeded from a point of weakness, the position of Alaska's wolves having been compromised already by past and ongoing wolf management strategies.

A few promising statements were put forward. Non-consumptive use was seriously discussed, and the astounding observation that "wolves have intrinsic value"(!) made it into the final report. The general direction was toward integrated management of all of a given region's usable components to achieve conservation of the wolves. But when coupled with the reality of the overall pro-consumptive use bias of Alaska, this fair-sounding concept is seen to fall short of protecting wolves.

Taking the broad view, the panel declared that the state's wolf population is not endangered. While this may or may not be true, Alaska wildlife biologist Dr. Vic Van Ballenberghe points

out that the statewide assessment is not meaningful, and that wolf populations must be assessed separately for each area when management plans are being developed.

Though Dr. Van Ballenberghe doubts that Alaska wolves can sustain higher than present levels of hunting, the Wolf Management Planning Team approved of localized wolf control programs to offset declines in ungulate numbers; as so often in the past, the wolf alone is being made to pay for the accumulation of impacts that affect big game, and integrated management falls by the wayside.



With this approval of wolf control the stage is set for two wolf-murder enthusiasts to break out the fire power. Alaska governor Walter Hickel has recently appointed Ron Somerville deputy commissioner of the state Dept of Fish and Game, and David Kelleyhouse director of the Division of Wildlife Conservation. Somerville was director of the now-defunct Division of

Game during the heyday of Alaska wolf control in the late 70s and early 80s. During the same period Kellyhouse was noted for his attempts to mount machine guns on aircraft to kill wolves, and for publishing falsely inflated numbers concerning wolf predation on moose and caribou. With these two back in the cockpit, one Planning Team non-action becomes especially ominous: the Team failed to condemn land-and-shoot hunting. Land-and-shoot hunting areas were expanded in November 1989, and team member Valerie Brown expects more of the same. Though calling for strict enforcement of hunting law violations, the team acknowledged that there is virtually no oversight of airborne hunting at present. With Somerville and Kelleyhouse at the controls, buoyed by consumptive-user fees, it would be naive to look for improvement by the agencies involved.

Airborne wolf hunting is now popular, and has acquired a life of its own apart from official wolf control. Still, Alaska's hunters widely view the killing of wolves as beneficial to ungulate populations, even in areas where wolves are too few to noticeably impact big game numbers. Alaska's wolves seem destined for persecution, since the state's human population has increased 37% in the past ten years and, regarding big game hunting, Dr Van Ballenberghe observes "I always thought of demand as something that's unlimited...If we had twice as many caribou and moose...as we have now, the potential harvest of those animals would be taken up by hunters...I think hunters will always pressure for more." In its report the Planning Team acknowledged that the continuing wolf slaughter was making Alaska look bad. Can you say "boycott?" How 'bout "hunt sab?" Let's put some pressure on! For more info contact WAG (see directory).

MODERNE MAN



Another Alaskan Fatcat Bill in the Making

BY MICHAEL LEWIS

The Johnston-Wallop Energy Bill passed out of the pro-development Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee last month. Not unexpectedly, the open-the Refuge section survived an amendment to strike it offered by Sen. Tim Wirth and supported by Senators Bumpers, Ford, Bradley, Bingaman, Conrad, Akaka, and Wellstone (all Democrats). (Sen. Wyche Fowler was out of town and refused to give his proxy for that vote; Sen. Shelby joined Sen. Johnston and the Republicans in voting for development).

Many other disastrous provisions survived in the bill as well. It contains language that seriously weakens the just-passed Clean Air Act (by exempting rebuilt power plants from the pollution standards governing new plants); it opens the door to unregulated hydropower development; it overturns bans on drilling off hundreds of miles of coastline; and it guts the public review process for nuclear power plants. All in all, it's a

very ugly piece of legislation that would take us down a path fraught with dangers and utterly lacking in vision, but lined with grinning industry fat cats who stand to make out very well.

There are several bright patches on the Senate horizon, however. Attempts to include weak and ineffective Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) standards in Johnston's bill failed, so the bill was reported out *without* fuel-efficiency standards. Senator Joseph Lieberman (D-CT) has pledged to filibuster the bill (now renumbered S.1220) should it come to the floor, and he is being joined by an increasing number of colleagues. Other committees (including Environment and Public Works and Commerce) are asserting jurisdiction over portions of it. Senator John Kerry (D-MA) is circulating a Dear Colleague letter urging other senators to join him in opposing the bill's assault on the Clean Air Act. And, best of all, we are now up to 22 co-sponsors on

Sen. Roth's Wilderness Bill and 106 sponsors for the Mrazek-Udall Wilderness Bill in the House!

Action now moves to the House side, where the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Subcommittee on Fisheries, Wildlife Conservation, and the Environment is taking up the Jones bill (H.R.1320), which trades opening up the Arctic Refuge for a new wildlife refuge to be called the Teshekpuk NWR. The new status conferred on this extremely productive and critical habitat area would mean very little, however; it would not protect it from either oil drilling or coal mining. Meanwhile, the Arctic Refuge would be declared on-limits under a veneer of environmental protections.

The Fires of Redemption

BY DAVID VERMONT

Last Spring, the forces of development in Exeter Township began encountering regular but unpredictable local fires. These fires claimed two heavy duty rollers the first week of April, and a large loader and storage trailer the next. By the end of the month a backhoe loader and a drilling rig went into the flames, and on the First of May another drilling rig caught fire, followed shortly thereafter by a front loader. Damage to four of the eight machines was estimated at over \$58,000.

Exeter Township is in rural southeastern Pennsylvania, country that has been steadily recovering from the initial onslaught of Euro-American settlement. Forty years ago the road along which most of the Spring fires occurred was not yet paved. It was an area of woods, wetlands, orchards and small farms. Abby Mellon, an Exeter resident who grew up in the 'fifties and 'sixties, recalls as a girl seeing the red and grey foxes of the area, flushing quail, and hearing of bobcats on the nearby Neversink Mountain, which yet harbors several rare plants. The mixed woods were eighty years old. "It had the potential to grow back," Mellon says. But that was not yet to be its fate. A bypass was put in from Philadelphia to Reading, cutting straight through the area and opening it to that particularly destructive and implacable mutant we call the "developer."

Developers have not destroyed the local ecosystem without some opposition. The small farmers and rural gentry of the area jumped through the various legal hoops and the state declared the area a floodplain. This sort of thing is supposed to hamper development, but of course money has means, and farmers have been forced out as the floodplain has now been colonized by spreading townhouses, apartment complexes and "light industry," while the forces of progress pour a new concrete aquaduct to replace the native trout stream that they befouled and destroyed.

It is scarcely surprising that some locals found legal means of fighting development futile and decided to take direct action. They called themselves Nava-sink, the native name for the area and its people, and they went out in the Spring night. "I wanted to put sugar in the gas tanks," one of them said, "but I couldn't get them open. So I cut every wire and tube I could get to, and then I broke the windows and torched the cabs."

Needless to say, the forces of improvement were severely distressed, as well as hampered, by these local conflagrations. A thing like this could spread. So the local paper, *The Reading Eagle/Times*, investigated the matter with care. One of their articles begins with an assessment that the spokeswoman for Nava-sink was dangerous and sick, made by a psychologist so terrified he would only proffer these opinions anonymously. "She has lost," he told the public, "the moral consequences that keep us from acting too crazy."

To what morality can this man

refer? Only the great American public morality of inaction, the morality of people who have cut themselves off so severely from the natural world to which they belong that they cannot or will not feel the horror of the destruction of their world, the morality of ignorance and cowardice. How can people like this speak of consequences while blinding themselves to the effects of paving over every wild thing around them? The heart that can yet feel its root to the wellsprings of life is too rare amongst us, so rare that its deeply moral acts of courage go unrecognized. And this is most troubling: not only that most humans are stupid and cowardly, but that they are unaware of it.

Yet they betray their ignorance often. "I cannot believe," an Exeter cop tells the paper, "that anybody would be this damaging just to prove a point." And he's right. The actions of Nava-sink did more than make a point (point-making is about as active as American moralists can get, or imagine getting); they held off, however briefly, the pavement that is rolling over rural countryside.

"It is not wilderness," a member of Nava-sink said, "but it is habitat. I couldn't stand seeing it go anymore. We did what we could. We did not endanger anyone. The sites around the machines were all cleared, you know? The fires were contained within the machines." A pause, and a laugh. "You know, I got home one night after doing this work, and I heard this big, sudden 'boom,' and I thought, 'Now what did I do right?'"

In mid May, police arrested Abby Mellon after staking out her house and watching her walk into the woods on one of those fiery evenings, following her to a drug-store where she bought burn ointment, and searching her home (where they found, yes, burn ointment — so be careful, firebugs, and don't get burned). Probably the most damning evidence was that identifying her as the media spokesperson of Nava-sink. Some of the press releases were hand written.

"I was stupid about some of the stuff," says Mellon. "I could have done what I did and not gotten caught."

Getting caught carried the potential for eight counts of arson. But immediately the case was more complicated than that. Mellon was sent to a psychiatric hospital in Philadelphia where she was heavily medicated. She said it was horrible and she managed to get transferred out to Berks County Jail. The horrible thing there, she said, was doing jumping jacks on concrete, which left her with arthritis in her legs. She was arraigned on numerous charges, most of which were dropped in a plea bargain which left her with third degree felony arson and mischief charges. For these she was sentenced to 90 days in the psych hospital, 3000 hours of community service and seven years strict probation.

"I am fortunate in that my parents got me a good lawyer. Without one I would have been upstate for at least five years." Mellon should be

getting out of the hospital as this paper comes out, in the third week of September. She hopes to do her community service for Planned Parenthood and The Nature Conservancy. Her probation requires her to live at home for the next seven years, but she hopes to get that changed after she's reestablished herself.

"I always thought I would live here forever. But a lot is lost here. You need to start acting as soon as you start to see stuff happening, because at the outset, people never think development is going to get this bad. Start right away; don't procrastinate. And when legal means fail, don't isolate yourself." Mellon says that although nobody has publicly supported her since she was arrested, some members of the older generation have told her family they understand why she did what she did. "And I thought I would want to live on my own little piece of land. But more land has to be protected, really; there needs to be more wilderness. People have to

contain themselves."

Abby Mellon is a woman of much compassion and integrity, deeply sane, and actively mitigates the overall effect of her species on the planet. She has encountered some of the personal dangers of such compassion in a culture hellbent on rapine and waste. Under the wheel of the Industrial Growth Society those who know they belong to the earth must be vigilant, must be careful of themselves not only because they are that rare strain of wild in a tamed species but more, because without them who will defend the earth? Be careful! Be sly! Remember both the mistakes and the bravehearted courage of Abby Mellon, and the need to carry on against the more-than-personal dangers that threaten the diversity of life here. "I took it personally," says Mellon. "It was my home."

The fires of Exeter Township have been put out. May they spring up a thousandfold across the land.

The Fires of May

- I. O circle of light
You have burnt and died
Before the leaping bonfires of midsummer dreams.
The Faeries have danced their circles
Of sacrifice around heartless iron bodies.
Explosions from the red raped earth up to the moon's
Hidden sky.
- II. The sirens of the saviors of 'destruction,' of the
Brazen Flames have broken the circle with
The sounds of water hissing.
- III. The ceremony broken — the charms fled back
Into the little grove of leftover wood
And thru the fields where bluebells, daisies
And marigolds watch the night;
Wild wheat tangling in her hair calling:
Come plant your feet with our roots under the soil among us—
Rise and live again every spring if not here.
- IV. Money makes money wherever it can
And the law above all species edicts and transforms
The robbers into the land developers.
- V. The Earth is dying and everyone says they care
The Earth is dying and so few feel and see
The genocide in the dead meadows surrounding them.

Revenge and so what is it worth
When the punishing act cannot stop the crime;
And, in the old vandalized cemetery
The stone read, "He looked back and saw his reflections
In the snow."

My head is Fire, my heart is cold but still beating
My feet run to catch up with time forever lost.
Fields scalded barren, trees amputated and ripped
From their life's blood.
Mountains scraped to four wheeled gravel.
Everything living is private property.
Feet fleeing are caught in cement
And bodies are statues crumbling to dust
The joke is equal rights for all species.

Man who annihilates will never feel the warmth
Here and now of their blood
They will not look back and see their reflections
on the snowy hills.

AZ Wrap-up

continued from page 5

none was forthcoming, but to send the message: If you are in any way involved in the production of a book on monkeywrenching, then you, too, are suspect. (The prosecutor had asked, "Do you agree with what the book said?" "Did Dave Foreman ever suggest you do illegal activity?") There are also a good number of people who had been named as unindicted co-conspirators ("We know what they're doing out there," Moore-Silver sneered at the trial's onset) or were subpoenaed witnesses and were therefore apprehensive about attending the trial and supporting their friends, and some have faded from activist work as well. (There were scores of subpoenaed witnesses who were never called, myself included. It may have been in part a tactic to erode support.)

A burning question remains: Will the fact that they had to back down from their grand charges strike a blow against their credibility; will it change the method of operation of the FBI at all? I think that with any convictions at all, the FBI will feel they've scored a victory in that they will feel they have license to continue doing what they've been doing. (They may very well have felt that way with acquittal, or a hung jury too.) I personally don't feel we can affect the FBI camp's perception or reaction to a great degree. What we can affect is the public's perception, the interpretation of this whole drama, and build on the erosion of tolerance for this sort of covert activity in public opinion. The government will do what the public lets it do, and much more. They are using taxpayer dollars to wage these domestic campaigns. Tell your neighbors. Tell your aunts and uncles.

Because even though Fain and Frazier may finally be out of the five defendants' lives, the FBI and their strong-arm tactics are certainly not out of OUR lives; they are not out of the business of disrupting and discrediting progressive movements who would seriously challenge the status quo. The prosecution of the Arizona 5 is not an isolated incident, but the latest and most dramatic manifestation of the larger picture. As US citizens jubilantly credit the Soviet Union's overthrow of the coup d'etat to "western style democracy," we in the bastion of that style democracy are subject to covert counter-intelligence programs carried out by secret police.

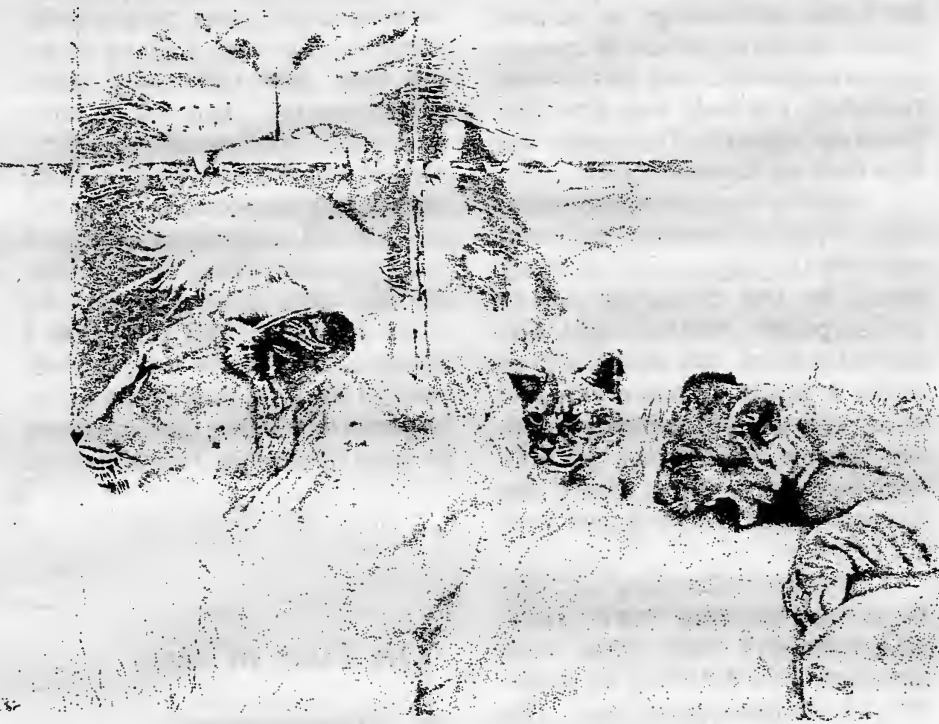
What Now?

Given those little ruminations but recognizing the fine line between paranoia and appropriate response that many of us are busy balancing on, the question of the hour is WHAT DO WE DO?

Well, we learn from our fellow activists' experience, and we get smarter. Revelations from the two months of trial are tools we can use to build on public exposure and put together with information gleaned from knowledge of FBI infiltration and disruption of other political groups and movements. Besides specifics as to their use of agents and informers, we've caught a glimpse of how serious they are (demonstrated by what a paralegal called the "mad dog" style of the chief prosecutor; also by the fact that the head of the FBI monitored the case, and that the Justice Dept. sent an attorney from their terrorism section to assist in the prosecution.) And we've gotten an indication of how far they will go. We knew they were not above outright lies characterizing non-violent activists as violent (witness the line from the warrant to search Judi Bari's house the night of the bombing: "They are members of a violent terrorist organization involved in the manufacture and placement of explosives") We knew they were not above fabrication of evidence (again, vis a vis the bombing, the

presented to the press turned out to be preposterous). We now know that human relations are fair prey—that they will use personal relationships and human weaknesses to further their political goals. We know that they will invade privacy to the point of using house bugs. (This is an unusual tactic—generally it is offices that are bugged.) We know that they will participate in and encourage illegal activity with little regard for the consequences, and that they will entice people to up the ante in their actions—in this case, encouraging the use of explosives.

The government did everything it could to tighten the screws of pressure



on the defendants working up to and during the trial. The day after the arrests, two FBI agents visited Marc Baker's home to tell his wife, "We know more than you think we know. Don't get yourself between a rock and a hard place," insisting that she testify against her husband, in a thinly-veiled threat to indict her as well. Mark Davis told me in a phone conversation shortly before the trial began that he'd just received another visit from the feds who trotted him downtown for a *fifth* fingerprinting. (They don't change, unless you use sandpaper.) They also required regular urine tests. More than one defendant was threatened with seizure of their children. The stories go on and on. It all added up to a pressure cooker—boiling away inside were Mark, Peg, Ilse, Dave and Marc, their families and friends. Heap on the humiliation of having many aspects of their private lives exposed, condemned and twisted around in the court proceedings, add the fact that some of the attorneys were fairly conservative themselves and worried about the considerably more conservative jury and the fact that one defendant's attorney was about to bail from the case (due to his wife's illness), possibly separating that defendant... Put all that together, stir rapidly and some of the reasons some of the defendants might favor a plea bargain begins to emerge.

Tears & Rage

The mood in the courtroom when the plea bargain was announced was emotional and charged. The defendants cried and hugged each other. The faces of the FBI agents working on the case lost the steely determination they had maintained and showed fatigue. The prosecution team was not showing the spirit of cooperation the defendants were, and they seemed estranged from each other. In fact, one prosecutor sat at the rear of the courtroom for the proceedings, the first time any of them had sat on "our" side of the railing.

Whether this end to the trial was the "right," appropriate or timely way to go will be much discussed over the

believe we need to support the defendants in their decision without trying to second guess them and further support them as they endure their sentences, whatever they may be. Period. Then when I flip the coin from the personal to the political side, I am very disappointed that the trial did not go to completion because we *were*, to some degree, bringing up issues of government misconduct and exposing the FBI's modus operandi in a *public forum*, finally. Generally, when we talk about the FBI's campaign of disruption and misinformation against environmental radicals, we sound like raving paranoiacs. The public doesn't want to

believe it, so they therefore don't want to listen. This was a rare opportunity (and I hesitate to call a circumstance when people's lives are on the line an "opportunity") for the immoral, unethical and illegal conduct to rise to the surface and become part of court record, verifiable, documentable. ("Yes, I lied", he said. "Yes, I did lots of drugs while in the FBI's employ," he said. "Why not use dynamite?" he said. "I can get some.")

But we don't know what would have come up in the second half of this incredible trial. It may have made things worse for our side than theirs. And we don't lose what came up in the first two months, in terms of working to expose the FBI's dirty deeds in relation to environmentalists and progressives in the US.

We know *why* they mounted their campaign. It is because Earth First! represents confrontational opposition to the power structure, to corporate America. Property destruction is an affront to their god. We are learning *how* they mounted their campaign, through use of agents provocateurs. The public needs to know that. Communication through whatever channels we can access is a key, as is demonstrating to them, and to the world, that FBI disruption has not stopped our work against the poisoners and despoilers of the planet.

Last Minute Update

Mark Davis was sentenced September 6 to six years in prison for his part in an act of property damage done at a ski development in a wilderness area of northeast Arizona. Judge Robert Broomfield also included restitution of \$19,821.27 in the sentence. Observers in the courtroom were stunned by the fact that Davis, a first time offender, received the maximum sentence under the plea bargain.

Davis told the judge he was not a terrorist, anarchist or revolutionary, as the prosecution has maintained, but a father concerned for the future of his children as he sees a world, "committing suicide." Explaining his motiva-

Snowbowl Ski Development, he said, "(what I did) was an attempt to wake people up to this awful bargain we've made."

Davis expressed that he recognized what he did was against the law, and so is willing to accept a prison term as, "the price I have to pay." He told Broomfield he felt remorse for *careless* acts but, "if this helps our species survive I can't be sorry."

Before Davis' statement, his attorney, Wellborn Jack Jr., recognized the massive government effort to knock out monkeywrenching as a tactic of the radical environmental movement, but reminded the judge that "the book," *The Monkeywrench Gang* is a work of fiction. Throughout the trial, the prosecutors attempted to paint a picture of a grand conspiracy not unlike actions portrayed in the book. "But for involvement of the FBI," Jack told the judge, "the other counts in the indictment (damage to power poles at Canyon Uranium Mine, attempted damage to transmission towers at Central Arizona Project) would never need to have been written," referring to the FBI's use of agents provocateurs.

EFI activist and trial observer Karen Pickett told the press, "When determining whether our system of justice is working, we need to contrast the sentence given Mark Davis with those in the corporate world breaking laws that result in poisoning of people and extinction of other species. Here we have someone who is working with the survival of the planet at heart and those who are poisoning our air and water, stripmining our forests and paving over other species are not only going unpunished, but making money off the carnage. The FBI was out to crush the radical environmental movement and they have not. We are more committed than ever to the preservation of biological diversity, we just have to recognize that we're doing it in the shadow of FBI covert provocation. That is an outrage. The FBI is hoping this trial will effectively kill monkeywrenching, but they are forgetting that EFI didn't invent monkeywrenching. It's been going on for generations and in fact has roots in this country in American Revolution era acts like the Boston Tea Party. As long as some people wield their power in ugly ways, destroying the Earth, other people will respond to that."

Outside the courtroom, Wellborn Jack told supporters that Mark could serve as little as 15 months of the six year sentence before being sent to a halfway house. How much of his sentence he will serve and where he will serve it are not immediately known. He is to report to prison on September 23.

Also outside court, Mark said he "didn't like" striking a deal with the government. "I'd rather have gone all the way through the trial. But there were other people involved and little children involved."

The other three Prescott defendants, Peg Millet, Ilse Asplund and Marc Baker, will be sentenced on September 20 in Phoenix. Dave Foreman's sentencing is deferred for a five year probationary term at which time he may be allowed to plead to a misdemeanor charge of property destruction.

The Legal Offense Fund will remain as support for those of the Arizona 5 who are in jail. Donations can be sent to: 1385 Iron Springs Rd. Suite 213, Prescott, AZ 86301.

Karen Pickett has just spent 2 months in Arizona witnessing, supporting and covering the trial. She is currently circulating an EFI statement of unity and support. To sign on or for a copy write P.O. Box 83, Canyon CA 94516. Donations also gratefully accepted for expenses incurred in media and support work.

A SNITCH ON THE STAND

BY KAREN PICKETT

On the morning of Friday, July 26 the Prescott Rescue team answered a call regarding an accident between a bicycle and a car. The photo on the front page of the Prescott Courier showed the bicyclist lying prone, bare feet to the camera, being attended by the ambulance crew. Not an unusual accident, even for a small town like Prescott, so why the big photo on the front page? The bizarre twist to this story was that the bicyclist who had failed to yield the right of way had just finished nearly three weeks on the witness stand in U.S. District Court in Prescott, informing on his friends. Ron Frazier was the #2 star prosecution witness in the Arizona 5 Conspiracy trial and it was no wonder he was rattled. The newspaper report said his condition was stable, but I beg to differ.

But if instant karma was delivered via the bike crash, he's getting a hefty karmic dose now, as he leaves the FBI's protective employ and finds himself without a friend in the world. He's a pitiful character, but after listening to his damaging testimony for three weeks, it's hard to feel sorry for him.

Frazier went to work for the FBI in January of 1988 after he had a falling out with Mark Davis. He had also suffered two romantic rejections in the months preceding his change in occupation. He had a brief affair with defendant Ilse Asplund, who subsequently moved in with Mark Davis, and he had been fired from a job by Jody Skjei, with whom he was also infatuated. His threatening phone calls to her following the firing led to the incident with Mark Davis, wherein Mark told Frazier to back off. Skjei said she fired him because he was neurotic. Davis said of Frazier, "He imagines women falling in love with him. He believes women are sending vibes to him and that they want him. So, he approaches. When he discovers that they don't know what he's talking about, he becomes scary."

Frazier wrote Skjei a threatening letter followed by a five-page love letter. She eventually contacted the police. "I just think Ron's a scary guy", said Skjei. "He goes silent on you. He's one of those guys you're going to find down in Texas and he's a sniper." Skjei was shocked when she learned that Frazier was the one who triggered the indictments against her friends in Prescott. "Mark is the guy who tried to help me with Ron", she said.

The FBI actually took notice of Frazier about six months before he went to work for them. When he gave a workshop on disabling bulldozer engines (He's a diesel mechanic) at the '87 RRR in Arizona, an undercover FBI agent (Kathy "Cat" Clark) sat in on the session. In her report to the FBI she characterized Frazier as appearing "very dangerous". So they hired him.

Some unanswered questions remain festering regarding the hows and

why of the FBI's hiring of Frazier. He did come to them (in January of 1988) with information about the Snowbowl action the previous October. The case was unsolved and causing the cops a good deal of consternation. But why he went to the FBI in the first place is unclear—the FBI maintains that he simply walked into their offices unsolicited Jan 12th. ("Hi, I'm Ron...") But two romantic rejections and an ego tussle just don't seem like reasons enough to want to turn snitch on your only friends. What seems more likely is that someone let him know that the FBI was looking for information about Snowbowl; that his services were desired. This could have been Mike Gooch, another informer who seemed to play a minor role but was acquainted with Ilse before Frazier and lived at the same trailer park as Ilse and Frazier. (Just when Gooch went to work for the FBI and what his role were is still being researched, so whether he was Frazier's conduit is speculation at this point.)

What we do know is that Frazier was paid over \$54,000 for his services, had an expense account of sorts and remained on (\$800/month) salary through his testimony. He was also granted immunity from prosecution for his monkeywrenching dabbings, as well as for his drug use.

But the most bizarre aspect of his FBI employment came to light during the second week of his testimony under cross-examination. In a disturbing illustration of how the FBI "orients" its pawns, the defense played a video tape recording of a hypnotic session with Frazier. Shortly after he went to the FBI, agents took him to a psychologist, Dr. Richard Garver, in Texas, ostensibly to help him recall the last name of someone involved in the case, and then turned him over to a Special Agent for the FBI who had worked with this psychologist and this hypnosis technique extensively. The tape showed that Agent Kinney helped him improve his memories of events (this type of hypnosis tends to increase both correct and incorrect recollections in the subject's mind), and to feel better about turning informant on his former friends. Agent Kinney "helped" Frazier see that EF! "might have had other purposes—other than simply saving the earth...". The jury watched as the government transferred the loyalty of a confused and troubled man from the activists to the FBI. (Old friends out, new friends in) They also saw the government teach Frazier a technique the psychologist labeled "bridging in and bridging out": going into and out of a trance to focus his memories. In what Foreman's attorney, Gerry Spence called the best psychological cross-examination he's ever seen, Davis' attorney Wellborn Jack demonstrated to the jury that Frazier was constantly bridging in and out as he testified in court. Frazier also admitted that

it was only with the FBI's help in that hypnotic session that he was able to feel it was okay to snitch on his friends.

The FBI outfitted Frazier with a miniature tape recorder which he used over a two year period to record conversations with the defendants. The jury heard excerpts from those recordings of some fairly incriminating statements made mostly by Davis. He and Frazier had long talks about cutting metal poles and cables using torches and an incendiary known as thermite. The government also played recordings made with Asplund, where she laments she and Davis are going to have to stop living together, because he's involved in all of this monkeywrenching activity.

Through his immunity agreements Frazier was able to indulge his curiosity about Earth First! and the radical wing of the environmental movement, dabble in the periphery of the world of monkeywrenching, risk free, and end up feeling self-righteous about his activity. Frazier had a close relationship with Ilse's kids, and actually thought he was "helping" her by taping conversations. His presumptions extended to thinking she would turn snitch with him. He told her after the arrests, "Lori (Bailey, FBI agent in charge of the case) was mad. She thought you'd blab, but you played it tough." He apparently thought others shared his moral weaknesses; he also said he was sure that Mark Davis, once in jail, would "crack", and turn against other people. He knew the FBI was out to "fry some bigger fish", as he put it, and he somehow caught hold of the illusion that "maybe my personal friends won't get in as much trouble, except to learn a lesson." Dangerous naivete.

That was the FBI's investigation according to Ron Frazier. Likewise, Earth First!, according to Ron Frazier gives a glimpse into a fantasy world without much relation to reality. He thought Earth First! was mounting an insurrection that would eventually spin out of control and get "very violent". When he admitted to Ilse after the '89 arrests that he was a paid informant, he explained that he felt he had no choice; "I either had to go to the FBI or pull a 'Rambo' at the next RRR." Spence, who was cross examining Frazier when this comment bubbled to the surface asked incredulously, "A Rambo? Does a Rambo mean to kill a bunch of people?" Frazier answered quietly, "Yes."

Except for his obvious problem baggage like his extensive drug use, allegations of child molestation, and tendencies toward violence, in one sense Frazier as informer was an FBI wet dream in that his fantasies fit the FBI's propaganda. It is possible that the FBI planted some of his ideas re. Earth First! as a terrorist organization, but at one point he said, "As much as I know, if I tried to back out, I'd have to be gotten rid of or something..." (Who the hell did he think he was dealing with? The mafia?!) He interpreted passion for the cause as tendencies towards violence, and told the FBI that when Dave Foreman punched the air with his fist at the end of his speech at the RRR and got his audience to shout EARTH FIRST!, he was clearly inciting violence. (Of course, at the time of this observation, Ron was coming down off four hits of LSD. But it fits the FBI profile of Earth First!, nonetheless.) He saw what he thought were clear leaders, characterizing Dave Foreman and Mike Roselle as the "generals" of Earth First!, and told the FBI he had the information as to who the conduits could be to take out the leadership of Earth First! He didn't have a lot of respect for the ecology movement (He wrote on his calendar on the day Ed Abbey died: "Ed Abbey Died Today. Hooray."). He also had a fairly intense

fascination with monkeywrenching and its relative effectiveness. This dabbling in monkeywrenching gave the FBI something to hold over his head and gave him an in into the group of activists. For his part, once he entered into his pact with the FBI, Frazier was able to satisfy his curiosity (and play at espionage) with total protection. He told his new FBI friends, "Last summer I didn't know how criminally liable I'd be... If these guys goof up and we'd all end up in jail. With you guys, it takes the risk off and I'm not in danger."

He was not even in danger when he encouraged the use of explosives (the suggestion was consistently rejected) or when he instructed others in the manufacture and use of thermite. In fact, the only time thermite was ever used in relation to the Arizona 5 activities was when the FBI set up a training session wherein Frazier was taught how to use it and got to try his hand at burning through chunks of steel. The EF! Journal, both before and during his employ with the FBI printed several letters and articles by Frazier (signed either "mechanic" or "Stilson") including instruction in the use of titanium dioxide as an additive for diesel engines.

He got the protection of the FBI and the friendship of the Prescott activists who invited him home for Thanksgiving dinner, and helped him find employment and housing (He taped the day's conversations on Thanksgiving).

When Ron Frazier was on the stand he didn't look at the defendants. He was nervous, playing with papers in front of him, sipping water often, scratching his head and fidgeting. He often looked puzzled. I wonder if he's puzzled now, wondering where all his "friends" went, especially his buddies Lori and Roslyn.

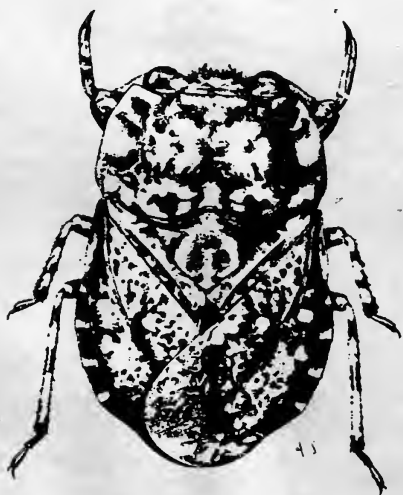
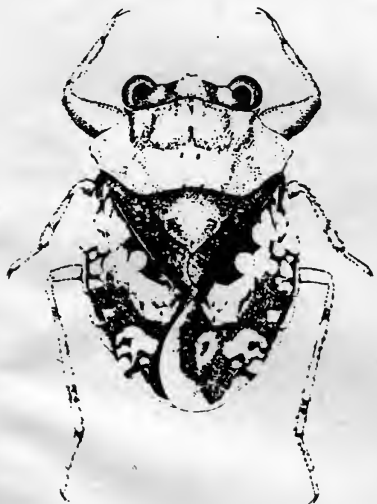
Other Snitches That Didn't Make It Onto the Witness Stand

Mike Fain, known as Mike Tait during his undercover work in Earth First! circles, showed up at the Round River Rendezvous in Washington in July 1988. He presented himself as a "redneck for wilderness" which fit into the Prescott, Arizona mold. He seemed rather custom made to gain sympathy from Peg Millett, whom Frazier had told the FBI was the best conduit to Foreman. He became a close friend of Peg's and had a relationship with a good friend of hers. Like Frazier, he discussed with defendants his ability to procure explosives, but no one ever took him up on it. He also "simulated" a tree spiking with ceramic spikes, pulled survey flagging, and broke into a supply yard, both to prove himself to the Prescott activists and to further involve them.

He has worked for the FBI for 20 years, working as an accountant before developing his skills as an undercover agent. He has worked in an undercover capacity before. His father, Lew Fain, was also an FBI agent.

Mike Gooch was a Prescott College student, showing up on the Prescott scene about the same time Ron Frazier did (spring of '86). It is not yet clear how or when he was hired by the FBI as an informer, or how long he remained in their employment, but he did get outfitted with a body wire for a time and contributed to the stock of covertly recorded conversations.

Kathleen "Kat" Clark is an agent for the FBI and was working in an undercover capacity at the '87 RRR, and possibly throughout the Earth First! investigation. Little is known about her, but she operated mostly in Tucson.



Earth Night!

Their Nightmare is Real

OK, you asked for it, you got it. People seem to want the return of a "Dear Ned Ludd" type column, so here it is. But since we at the journal are either too busy drinking beer and/or playing on the techno-geek computer boxes to even think about monkeywrenching, we need you, the highly resourceful, clever, and cautious reader to send all your theoretical wrenching pieces to share with the world. Remember, we only want to publish these ideas because we as EF! have an image to keep up, and furthermore, we have no intention of furthering the cause of monkeywrenching, because after all, without the law, where would we be?

Anyway, this is your big chance, send us some good stuff.

BUT HEY!

Please assume that your letter is not in safe hands, i.e., treat your letter to us as you would, say, a letter to the FBI. Type it on a machine that cannot be traced to you or your loved ones; no fingerprints; no indications of who you might be. Because even though we all know these submissions from folks will be for entertainment purposes only, there is a pretty good chance that certain Authority types will think otherwise.

Organic paintbombs can be made by scooping out a grapefruit, filling it with vinegar and food coloring, then sealing it and letting it sit for two days. Then SPLAT!



If you don't live in Florida or California and want macrobiotic, organic paintbombs, use eggs. Poke a hole in the top and gently break away a small amount of the shell. Stir up the inside. Poke another hole in the same end about an inch away and blow the yolk and white through. Have an omelette (if you're not vegan.) Pour in paint, seal with candle wax or thick wheatpaste.

Protesting MAXXAM on the East and West Coast: A day of Outrage

Protest In Mill Valley

BY LAURIE SARACHEK

Pacific Lumber, a subsidiary of Maxxam, reportedly closed its sales office in Mill Valley, CA, at noon Tuesday, August 27th, and sent all the employees home... and it wasn't because of a holiday! (At least that's what police told us. The doors to the building were locked with police guards out front, so we couldn't get in the check the validity of the story.) Rather than confronting activists at the 4 PM rally—part of the "International Day of Outrage Against Maxxam"—they apparently took the easy way out. There was no civil disobedience and there were no arrests, yet we possibly succeeded in stopping business for half the day.

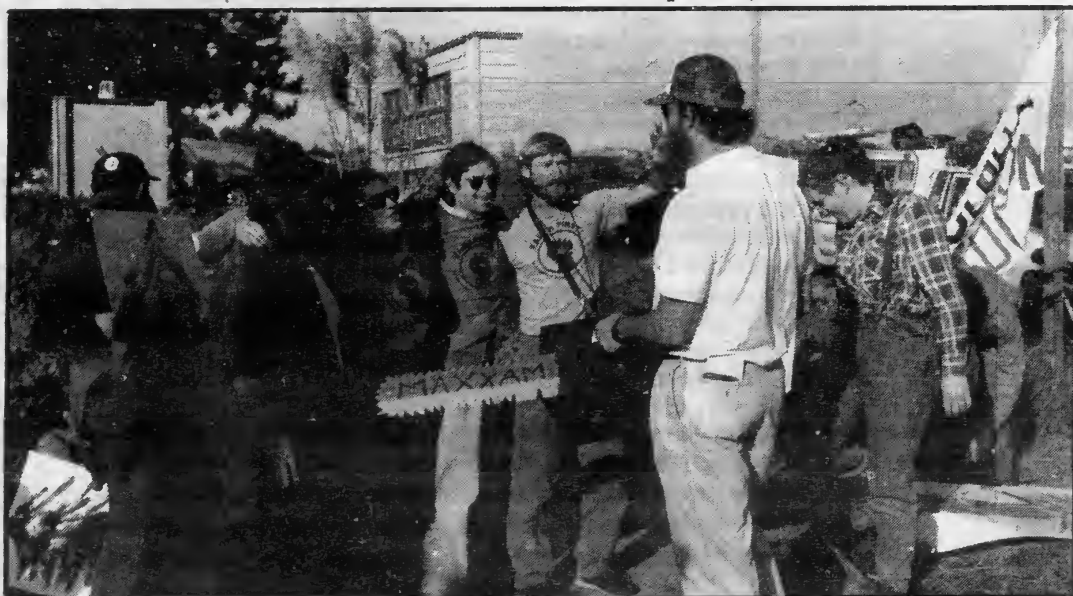
During commute time, about 100 outraged activists were at the PL office, a prime location right next to the main highway just north of Golden Gate Bridge. We held large banners and many picket signs along the side of the freeway for all the commuters to read. The first banner read, "Save Ancient Redwoods," the second, "Keep Out Maxxam." The commuters showed their support with honks, cheers, raised EF!-style fists, and peace signs out the windows. Only a few yelled out negative responses.

Highlights of the rally included guitar music and a skit. Props for the skit included stumps

made of old lampshades, a cardboard coffin full of dead redwood slash from a clearcut in Mendocino County, cardboard chainsaws flaunting "MAXXAM \$" across the blades, a huge junk bond, and trees, of course. The actors were recruited on-site. OK, so no one ever said EF!ers have to be able to act. The EF!ers in the skit were good enough to convince the loggers to stop cutting and even to hug the trees.

We also read a copy of a telegram sent directly to Charlie Hurwitz, owner of Maxxam, by Dan Hamburg, a congressional candidate from the North Coast. Referring to Hurwitz's liquidation of the ancient redwoods to pay off junk bonds debts, Hamburg stated eloquently, "I am outraged that you so blithely gamble the future of our planet in order to hoist your corporate backside out of financial quicksand. STOP!"

The actual effectiveness of the rally in terms of raising public awareness of the issue and increasing pressure on California Governor Pete Wilson to purchase and protect PL's land was hindered by the continued press blackout we've experienced during most of Ecotopia Summer. However, judging by the turnout of activists, the responses from commuters, and the reported closing of PL's office, the rally was quite a success. Of course, the real success will come only when the ancient redwoods stop falling and Hurwitz is put in jail!



Bay Area EF!ers convince wayward MAXXAM logger to cut down junk bonds, not redwoods

Striking Out At Disease Central

On August 27, fifteen or so intrepid activists converged outside the American Stock Exchange, the capitalist bastion, Wall Street, USA. Their mission: an International Day of Outrage to raise awareness about MAXXAM's role in destroying redwoods and old-growth forest, not to mention its horrendous policy of liquidating worker pension plans to pay off the debt on the junk bonds that allowed Hurwitz and company to take over Pacific Lumber in the first place.

After walking downtown from Wetlands(an EF! nightclub) to the financial district, pasting stickers reading "MAXXAM is clearcutting the last of America's old-growth virgin forests to pay off junk bonds" on light poles, this small but hearty band of activists took up positions on either side of the street in front of the exchange and chanted, gaining the attention of a significant number of traders, brokers, exchange employees and passers-by.

The last time EF! protested outside of the AMEX, MAXXAM stock broke the low price for the year and then continued downward by 20% of its total value, before eventually recovering. Of course, we can't claim all the credit for this significant dip, but we are anxiously waiting to see where MAXXAM stock will be trading at the end of the week. Someone raised the idea that we should take up a collection before our next protest and sell some shares of MAXXAM short ourselves. Who knows—maybe we'll be able to afford more fliers and stickers at Hurwitz and company's expense if we manage to make a successful trade!

Special mention should go to the dedicated folks at the store "Human-i-tees," without whom this protest never would have come off.

SOURCE: RUSS WEISS



Photo: Michael Charnofsky

Playing the System's Game for Fun and Biodiversity: Multiple Species Listings

BY QUERCUS

The San Diego Biodiversity Project was formed in 1989 with the idea of bringing Southern California's drastic loss of species diversity into the public eye. The first and ongoing project of the group was to petition and pressure the United States Fish and Wildlife Service to list as Endangered over one-hundred San Diego County species. Although no decisions have been handed down by the Feds (it takes a minimum of two years to get a species listed, if you're lucky), petitions have been submitted for eighteen species. This number includes twelve plants, two birds, and four butterflies. In the process of petitioning for these critters, we went through a lot of "learning the ropes" of the whole bureaucratic (see "fucked") system. So, read on if you're interested in protecting the rare ecosystems near your home through the listing of endangered species. (This is the key; don't just petition for one or two birds or bugs, find as many as you can and throw them in the Interior Department's face. By petitioning for several species, you avoid the "it's just one owl that won't compromise with us workers" syndrome).

STEP 1 (Getting the Information)

This step is going to be different for people in rural or urban areas. If you live in a rural area, the main agencies you are going to be dealing with are the US Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS). First step; write your Regional Director (USFWS) and request a copy of their Candidate 1 and 2 species lists. Candidate 1 designation is given to a species when the "Service" has enough information on file to support a listing. Candidate 2 designation is given to a species when the "Service" needs further information to support a listing. Usually, a species is designated as Candidate 1 after someone has petitioned for its listing as Threatened or Endangered. If the species is a plant and it's a Candidate 1, it was probably part of a 1975 Smithsonian report on Endangered plants of the U.S. that was accepted by the USFWS as a petition. (San Diego County has a bunch of these Candidate 1 plants petitioned for in 1975 that STILL aren't listed). So basically, you will probably focus on Candidate 2 species.

After you get your list from the USFWS, request sensitive species lists from the Forest Service and the BLM in your area. Compare lists, and then talk to BLM and Forest Service biologists to see what (if anything) is being done to protect these species. Many times these folks will give you info on the sly. If you find instances (and you will) where a change in the historical policy of whichever local agency would protect the species in question, write and demand that those cows (for example) are removed from that sensitive meadow. Make sure you threaten them with a

promise to petition for that species' Threatened or Endangered listing if you don't get a response, and in the same breath, petition for that critter anyway. You'll get a lot more leverage in future dealings with that agency.

If you live somewhat near an urban center, visit your local Natural History Museum or University, and talk to folks in the different departments (i.e. Mammals, Insects, Plants, Reptiles, etc...) and get the experts' opinion on what species they feel deserve listing as Threatened or Endangered. These people will often times give a lot of excuses as to why they haven't petitioned for these species themselves (their jobs, kids at home, real tear-jerkers). Call them on this. Ask them to do the information gathering and petition write-up, and then sign your name to it. We've done this with a couple of species in San Diego. Try to milk them for as much help as possible. Anyway, after you've got your master Endangered Species Wish List, you're ready to petition. STEP 2 (Petitioning)

First off, a petition to list a species as Threatened or Endangered isn't a piece of paper with a bunch of people's signatures as support. It's a detailed status report on the species in question. Something that you might try is simply writing to the USFWS in your region and state that "This is a petition to list (write in the species on your master list) as (Threatened or Endangered) under Section 4(B) of the Endangered Species Act." If you feel that the critter is definitely threatened with extinction REAL soon, and can prove it, demand Emergency Endangered status. This may gain protection for the species until it is formally listed (many months down the line). In your petition letter, explain that more information will be sent along to USFWS as you dig it up. This way the wheels are rolling as you do your research. It doesn't hurt to get some "experts" to sign on to your petition to give it a little extra weight. (For a copy of a petition to use as an example in the creation of your own, write the San Diego Biodiversity Project at P.O. Box 1944, Julian, CA 92036. Send some bucks to cover copies and time.)

Now, ride their ass to make sure they don't forget about these critters and beasts. Call the press and try to get them to do a story on the habitats you're trying to protect. Try not to talk too much about each individual species. Make sure you blather about how it's the whole SYSTEM you are trying to protect, and how the species are just a tool. Organize demonstrations at the local headquarters of the USFWS, Forest Service, or BLM to put the pressure on for their past ignorance of sensitive species in your area. Make sure you have fun, 'cause hey, you're working in the system!!

ed. note: If you would like more information on the listing process, contact

Dreaming, and Buying Back The Prairie: The Waterman Creek Project

BY HAL ROWE, TALLGRASS PRAIRIE EF!

Less than 1% remains of the tallgrass prairie that once extended from Manitoba to Texas and from eastern Nebraska to Indiana. Rows of monocultured corn and soybeans stand where once there was the biodiversity of 30 or more grasses, 250 herbs, a dozen species of small mammals, over 20 species of birds, hundreds of invertebrates, bacteria, lichen and mosses, herds of bison and elk and the carnivores that preyed on them.

There is no national park dedicated to the tallgrass prairie. The prairie that remains is in fragmented remnants in moist pastures, hills to steep to plow and along railroad right of ways and these are suffering from the invasion of foreign plant species, farm chemical drift and eroded soils. The prairie's natural defense—fire, exists only in areas managed by humans. The largest protected area in Iowa is a mere 240 acres.

Due to constant public pressure on the issue, the Natural Resource Commission of the Department of Natural Resources is planning the Waterman Creek Project in northwest Iowa. They plan to purchase and protect 4700 acres along the Little Sioux River and its tributary, Waterman Creek. The area contains native prairies and such rare plants and woolly milkweed, prairie moonwort, small white ladies slipper, Pennsylvania cinquefoil, needle and threadgrass and biscuitroot.

The land for the Waterman Creek Project would be purchased over the next 15 to 20 years from

willing sellers using funds from the Resource Enhancement and Protection Program's Open Spaces grant which receives its funding from the Iowa lottery.

The Natural Resource Commission is already hearing negative comments from local businesses and tenant farmers who fear the loss of rented land or property tax base, although the state will pay property tax on the land.

The Natural Resources Commission will be discussing the Waterman Creek Project during their October meeting. They need to hear that there is vast grassroots support for the preservation of tallgrass prairie.

What you can do:

1. Write to the Natural Resource Commission and urge them to approve the complete 4700 acre proposal. Make sure they get your letter by October 1. One letter to them will reach all Commission members.

Iowa Natural Resource Commission

c/o Iowa Dept. of Natural Resources

Wallace Building

Des Moines, Iowa 50319-0034

2. Write the governor of Iowa and tell him you support the project.

The Honorable Terry Branstad
Governor of Iowa

State Capitol Building

Des Moines, IA 50319

3. If you are from out of the state, let them know that this park would be a reason for you to come and visit Iowa.

Lounging for Biodiversity On Little Green Pond

On Tuesday, August 20, Earth Firsters prevented the NY Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) from poisoning Little Green Pond, one of the last remaining natural pond ecosystems in the Adirondacks. Donned in vacation swim wear with zinc oxide on their noses, vacationing Earth Firsters occupied the pond, riding inflatable whales, sharks, and alligators from dawn until the DEC left the site.

The DEC returned two days later to find the pond already occupied. This time they were joined by over 30 NY DEC Police, 15 Park Rangers, ten State Troopers, and six undercover agents, who all pulled up simultaneously in black Buick sedans and pastel leisure suits, were on hand to make sure the two Earth Firsters did not halt the planned poisoning of Little Green Pond. The media was also present in full force.

The two Earth Firsters were chased by DEC Cops around the pond for half an hour before being pulled into the DEC boats. The Earth Firsters were arrested on charges of trespassing and set free after paying \$250 in combined fines. After the activists were removed from the pond, the DEC dumped in the biocide, but the two day delay

cost them almost \$100,000.

The New York DEC regularly uses Rotenone to kill all native fish, nematodes and insects in the pond. Then they stock the pond with hatchery fish so they can sell fishing licenses, the profits from which go directly to the salaries of DEC employees.

The pond wrecklamation was not only a violation of nature, it also violated an agreement signed by the DEC with the environmental community. Legal Action for Animals filed a lawsuit earlier this summer against DEC in order to put an end to the pond reclamation program. The Judge presiding over the case filed an injunction ordering DEC to halt any further projects until the case was decided. When the presiding judge went away on vacation, the DEC demanded emergency permission to "reclaim" the pond.

"It's a tragedy that we lost this pond" said Buck Young, of Preserve Appalachian Wilderness, "But this will be the last pond poisoning that takes place in the park. We've gotten the word out, and we'll made it financially unfeasible for them to continue their ecocidal program."

SOURCE: ECONET

More Shit fer Brains...

Dear Shit Fer Brains,

Lone Wolf's thoughts on harmony (Litha '91) were useful, but the suggestion that vegetarianism *seems* peaceful because we can't hear vegetables scream is bunk.

Vegetarians hear the screams of native animals gunned and poisoned and driven off to make way for livestock. About two-thirds of all agricultural land in the U.S. is used for grazing and feed to support our meat habit. The acreage that will feed one average American a meat and dairy-based diet will feed twenty strict vegetarians.

Vegetarians hear the screams of drowned, dammed valleys and wild rivers diverted for irrigation until they no longer reach the sea. Meat production uses over half of our fresh water.

Vegetarians hear the screams of dying storks and turtles and otters and fish. Eighty percent of the organic water pollution in our country is caused by the livestock industry.

Vegetarians hear the screams of oiled birds and ocean mammals destroyed by tanker spills. Flesh production uses more energy than we import each year. Look into the coolers and freezers at the supermarket to see why we need refrigeration.

And refrigerators will tell you why vegetarians can hear the screams of the entire antarctic ecosystem which is being exposed to radiation from a growing ozone hole. Styrofoam is a problem, sure, but most CFC's are from cooling units.

Vegetarians can hear the screams of whales and sea turtles, too. Our fishing fleets are wiping out our brothers and sisters in the sea.

Next to childlessness, there is no greater personal decision you can make to put the earth first than vegetarianism. EFlers who still eat flesh are doing more damage with their forks than they can possibly undo with spikes.

The one saving grace of a meat and dairy-based diet, for you serious radicals, is that they seem to cause the diseases most Americans die of. Kind of a slow suicide for those who want to get out of the earth's way.

—CECIL L. BOTHWELL III, Black Mountain, NC

Dear Earth First! (S.F.B.),

Since my previous letter in response to a vegetarian article in Earth First! journal was much too long, I wish to substitute a shorter letter which I wrote to a local newspaper under similar circumstances:

In response to _____ (fill in the author of the letter or article), who advocates vegetarianism as a solution to our ecological problems: I eat meat and I do not think "animals have no rights." They should have the same rights we *should* grant to vegetables and fruits, namely that they should be raised in a more conscious manner, not factory-farmed by large corporations. Vegetables and animals should be organically grown.

_____ worries that our "counter-survival habits" (of eating meat) will set back the human race. I worry that vegetarians, by going backward to the eating habits of the apes, will lose much of their ability to reason and solve problems by clear, logical thinking. Most vegetarians simply substitute cheese for meat which should increase their DDT and pesticide levels, since beef, cheese and butter are the highest of all foods tested for chemical toxins. _____ falsely blames "animal agriculture" for water pollution, topsoil erosion and rainforest destruction. But this is mostly due to our non-sustainable cultural dependence upon dairy products, which is a real problem for most vegetarians as much as it is the problem of the un-socially-conscious "carnivores" who still eat beef. Whoever heard

of turkeys, fish and pigs causing rainforest destruction and soil erosion? Pigs only cause pollution when factory-farms cause pollution.

Vegetarians fail again in their ecological thinking when they say that grain we feed to animals for their meat could feed 10 times as many people. Well, who *wants* ten times as many people as there are now? Apparently it is only vegetarians who want that, for they don't think about the ecological destruction a population increase of that amount would cause to the earth. Apparently, as long as everyone is "vegetarian," all problems will be magically solved! This is cult thinking to my mind.

_____ CAN take responsibility however by only telling meat eaters to give up BEEF and their dependence on dairy products as there ARE better sources of calcium, and dairy products are unnecessary for adults (and children who are weaned). _____ CAN tell vegetarians to give up cheese from cows. Maybe it would be best if _____ gave up vegetarianism her/himself or stop putting his/her own "spin" or disinformation out on the hard ecological truths. (End of letter)

I don't eat cheese or beef and the reason is because of rainforest destruction. Also to PUBLICIZE that these CAN be avoided and should be avoided I will do everything I can to educate others to do the same. I am careful about which tuna I eat too but for a *different* reason, the protection of an *animal* with a conscious awareness like a human or an ape. Another thing I do and we all can do is to walk out on any party or group of friends who sit together and eat cow cheese! I do not eat goat cheese myself because I know that even the word "cheesy" and "cheeseater" has a negative meaning, the same negative meaning in English and Chinese! But I don't care if other people want to eat goat cheese because that shows me they are becoming aware of the cow problem and are willing to spend more to do something about it! I also do not get upset when people want to eat beef on rare, once a year occasions for ritual or ceremonial purposes (like the Yaqui Indian ritual). I hope someday to see non-cheese and beef restaurants as there are now non-smoking restaurants.

—THE COW KILLER

Dear Editorial Collective,

Noting the success of Lighthawk in showing aerial views of ravaged wilderness or places in need of saving to curious fliers I wonder if something similar has been tried on land.

The tactic would be to simply direct, or drive, tourists, journalists, political types or anyone interested to select spots where some horror or other is visible. This could be done by simply standing out on some main road with signs saying "See your tax dollars at work" or "This way to the nearest clearcut (or whatnot) in nine counties." Whatever fits.

Those who stop to follow up could be handed inexpensive xeroxed maps and explanations and any kind of pertinent info to let them know what the deal is. If the route is complicated there might be small directional signs or marks located where needed en-route. Care should be taken that enemies don't play games with these directional clues and that travelers aren't sent into off-road situations where they could get stuck or where trespassing laws might get them. They should at least be clearly warned that it is up to them to make the decision to take chancy roads. If it is a route on a regular highway then no problem.

This action has several advantages: it is cheap. Just some signs and

some information (which could be high quality, with photos even, if funds are available) are all that is needed.

It is a way for folks to meet EFlers to maybe lose their prejudices about them.

It's a way for some less active activists to get their feet wet without being illegal.

It's legal, if done without trespassing or blocking traffic or violating ordinances and all. This is of obvious PwR advantage.

The main advantage, though, is that the hidden wreckage, be it clearcutting, mining, resort expansion, dumps or pollution will be exposed to whatever effect exposure may bring. One effect might be that more folks will question their Congressperson (give addresses, names) or if it is an official, he or she may change for the better.

If someone is driven to a viewpoint instead of merely directed, there is a good chance to answer questions and elaborate on things.

Lastly (I think) the very action itself may gain notoriety and expose ravages to more people.

Good Luck.

—SCAVENGER

Dear Sabs:

Just thought you might like to hear of a few independent efforts. Perhaps by the time we are through wreaking havoc the wilderness will creep out of the cracks to such an extent that there will be happy hunting for all of us savages. I am a hunter, a blood-thirsty Pleistocene beast with a primordial lust for flesh. All I need is wilderness, a sharpened stick, and the heightened awareness that come with it to have a great day! The only deer I have ever killed was with a knife; all the rest is just good exercise. If everyone hunted with a sharpened stick then we could hunt all year long and hardly anything would die. Such methods give me a smug sense of superiority to the slob redneck hunters who overpopulate the woods of the deep south every fall. What delicious game to walk into the local bar and talk loudly of such exploits, ridicule the local good old boys, force them to acknowledge the superior skills of a bespectacled hippie with an Earth First! teshirt, then challenge them to a week naked in the wilderness if they dare! No one ever does. Since no conscientious conservationist would ever sanction the hunting of a top trophic level predator, there is no dangerous game left except the hunter themselves. Call it counting coup. So this is why I have so much admiration for you!

I don't know how they do it in the west, but this is how they do it in the stunted pine plantations of Florida: All of the national forest lands here, as well as military bases and private tree farms are crisscrossed with a grid of dirt roads such that except in deep swamps no square larger than one square mile is allowed to exist. No one actually hunts in the sense of sneaking around in the woods, for the second growth scrub is much too thick, and besides, there might be snakes out there! (Actually, the snakes are all gone.) All obligate rednecks have a jacked up 4X4 with giant mud tires which lift the truck far above the ground. In the back is a metal dog box divided into two compartments which house the hounds during hunting season. During the rest of the year the compartments house two snarling pit bulls which try to tear the metal apart in an effort to tear each other apart. The vehicle is then parked in front of a bar and left on display while the dogs roast in the sun...But, back to the war zone.

On top of the box is bolted an executive swivel chair painted camo. (Everything is painted camo.) The

hunter himself is invariably a pot-bellied pig-eyed slob who lives in a trailer on a five acre mini ranchette with a satellite dish. He is dressed in a green camouflaged jumpsuit with an international orange cap and vest as is required by law. The dogs are released on one side of the square of the pine trees. The hunters drive to the dirt road on the other side. The oldest slob with the fattest ass sits in the swivel chair ten feet off the ground with a commanding view of the clearcut. His teenaged sons take up positions along the road about a hundred yards away. Any deer killed are killed as the dogs drive them across the road. The woods are absolutely saturated with dogs and hunters so the deer have to cross the road. Everything is going along fine until I come blasting along at high speed in my 4X4 with my horn blaring and a few dead dogs draped across my front bumper. The teenagers leap for their lives as I swerve violently in their direction and splatter mud all over their new cammiejammies. The old man gets the finger as I roar by. I am gone before he even has a chance to flick the safety on his rifle. Even though I don't own a gun and never have, everyone assumes that a maniac who behaves in this fashion is armed, drunken, and dangerous. All of this is true, I just don't use a gun. Not sporting you know. Would you chase a lunatic deep into the swamp just to have a gun battle? The average redneck prefers dishonor before death. Better to retire to the bar to brag about the big one that got away. All of this does little actual good. The forest is still getting subdivided, and the deer get run over by cars instead of getting shot. The only real benefit is that I get to talk to my friends about my hunting exploits and get a few more dog trophies for my skull collection. Still, it's a good feeling to hear the baying (whining) of the hounds and to have partaken in the primordial chase. Hail Diana, goddess of the hunt!

My ex-wife Lemo was a brilliant artist who was known for her expertise in psychological warfare, so she took an approach to hunt sabbing that others may find to be somewhat more palatable, depending upon their moral ethos. One day we were walking in the woods and chanced upon an obscure trail which led to an elaborate tree stand with a large plywood backrest. Always alert for a suitable canvas, she whipped out her felt tipped pen and went to work. An hour later she had created a work worthy of Da Vinci. The scene was rendered in minute and anatomically perfect detail. The hunter was holding the dead deer up by the tail while thrusting his penis into the buck's rectum. The caption read: "In case the deer's asshole is too small for a big man like you, you can always enlarge the hole with your twelve gauge."

Happy hunting,
—SLEAZEWEASEL

Dear Shit yer Brains,

I have read in the Journal, comments by people who feel that it isn't right for some Earth First!ers to be eating hamburgers at a direct action or a rendezvous.

Their point is taken; however, it is not possible for all Earth First! advocates to take the jump into vegetarianism.

To resolve this problem I have come up with an idea for recycling the beef eater's diet!

Also, the prototype illustrated [see Figure 1 on facing page] could be installed at the headquarters for the Cattleman's Association, or at residences of their lobbyists in Washington.

—FERAL CHILD

continued on next page

Dear EFL

Heya Ho! Much respect for the sharing of truth and the honoring of the Great Mother. Also much respect for all the warriors who ennoble us with their courage in Her defense.

I welcome Angus Murdoch's words on putting people on the land which is more than public, it is sacred. This is why we two-leggeds must save what we can and help to heal what we cannot. As he wisely points out, much work is needed if mature forest is to stand where the land is clearcut today.

I would ask Brother Angus to consider my vision.

I do not think we can relegate any responsibility to high school science students with cameras in particular, or public education in general.

Five hundred years of re-growth, protected from further destruction can only be achieved by generations of Earth-honoring people on the land. Not visiting from a city in an oil-burning vehicle and returning to consumer society.

Not living on the land produces the sickness of spirit that debases our tribes until we no longer see the wrong in raping our Mother for pieces of paper we deceive ourselves into thinking have value.

Many of our tribes do these wrongs not knowing their wrongness. Not knowing there is another way.

As many of us as can must stop supporting this sickness. We must show other there is another way. And we must do it soon. Dark times are coming, and the people will have to make choices. let us show them that there is truth in the land with our lives, lived in truth on the land. Mitakuye Oyasmin,

—GREGORY LITTLE FALCON

Dear Cranial Excrement,

Folks, if the personal attacks fired back and forth in this space of late are not part of a COINTELPRO they might as well be. Could we please get back to focusing on what we CAN accomplish rather than continually harping on each other's imperfections? Fellow prisoners of the Urban Police State would do well to visit the local library and peruse The Age of Surveillance by Frank J. Donner (Alfred A. Knopf, 1980); a detailed history of COINTELPROs and other such government nastiness.

All of us would do well to remember the words of the late I.F. Stone: Lifelong dissent has more than ac-

climated me cheerfully to defeat. It has made me suspicious of victory. I feel uneasy at the very idea of a Movement. I see every insight degenerating into a dogma, and fresh thoughts freezing into lifeless party line. Those who set out nobly to be their brother's keeper sometimes end up by becoming his jailer. Every emancipation has in it the seeds of a new slavery and every truth easily becomes a lie. But these perspectives, which seem so irrefutably clear from a pillar in the desert are worthless to those enmeshed in the crowded struggle.

From: In Defense of the Campus Rebels, I.F. Stone's Weekly 5/19/1969.

Keep up the good work!
—20TH CENTURY MAN, Seattle

Hey Simon,

I commissioned that piece of art work you reprinted using the balloon as a title. EFL journal was going to publish it last year on the back cover of its April Fool issue but someone objected. Someone also objected at wetlands when I wanted to use it as a poster. I paid an artist to illustrate a film project that never got off the ground about the First Earth Battalion, that new age army the military was planning during the Carter years. CBS/Paramount burned us by producing Earth Force, a pathetic imitation.

It was a fresh idea back then. Today with La Femme Nikita, Thelma & Louise and Linda Hamilton in Terminator 2 competing for the "facho" award of the year, if not a bit dated, it's lost much of its shock appeal. I would hate for people to think I inspired myself from these projects. It's the other way around.

I wanted to come up with a way to engage the heavy metal crowd into the environmental fight. That was back before MTV had decided to run Greenpeace p.s.a.'s. What better way to draw their attention than a comic book heroine with attitude? Don't blame me for puberty libido! If people have a case of titphobia then don't take them to see The Rocketeer. Robert Anton Wilson has written at length about this subject in Ishtar Rising. The fact that we can't stand abject sensuality anymore is as much a symptom of how screwed up we've become as a raped old growth forest.

The planes, the bombs, the leaky drums are not her doing. Her stance is a response to the aggression. I think you missed that point in your description. She's not encouraging anybody to do

this. She's trying to prevent it. It's not an invitation to rape. That's your interpretation. There's a difference between wanting to plow a field and nuking it! The initial drawing had a nipple showing. I toned it down because I tried to have my cake and eat it too. Maybe she's been caught off guard answering nature's call and that's why her belt is not buckled. Guys do it all the time. In some situations prudishness can get you killed. She's not a whore, or if she is, not in any derogatory sense. Call her a sexual surrogate if you like, but like George Carlin, the word collateral damage doesn't sit well by me either.

Leave people the right to fantasize. Pornography never led to violence. As a matter of fact it has been proven to dissipate the yearning. Maybe that's why such a case is made out of it, because they would rather us make war than make love to preserve their imperial Monopoly game. Mem respond to visual stimuli. Women on the other hand are more responsive through touch and verbal contact. Do I go around trying to ban "romance novels" off the shelves? No! So let each gender have their own respective distractions. Androgyny is not a good idea. We're each trying to aspire to each other's ideals. That's evolution.

By the way, for those of you who don't get offended by such biker philosophy, T-shirts are available. Send \$12 to me:

—REMY CHEVALIER, 25 Newtown Turnpike, Weston, CT 06883.

Hey all you tree-hugging, flower-sniffing envirofreaks,

Just when you thought eschewing Coors was good enough, another beer comes along with another unforgivable ethical violation.

This time it's ocean critters, marine mammals, and the Sea World toxic marine zoos. And Sea World's parent company is Anheuser-Busch. Zoos in general are a violation of the biocentric ethic of wild for its own sake: the oceans will miss the Seals, Sea Lions, Whales, and Dolphins, and the wild gentle mammals will never know the sea again. No more Jails for Whales!

The worst violation of animal rights at Sea World—though this is strictly subjective—is the "petting pool". This is a small pool where dolphins are kept for the touching and hand-feeding of Sea World visitors; it is small and shallow and the chlorine in these pools is 3 times that of other, less crowded, pools.

This is hell for the Dolphins. They're fed unmonitored amounts of fish by visitors and are obscenely obese, often resembling Beluga Whales, hardly an accurate representation of their species. What's more, smaller or disadvantaged Dolphins are abused and dominated by larger animals—this is what the marks on their sides are from. And those patrons with diseases can and do transmit illness to the mammals—mammals often chosen because they are judged to be less attractive or cooperative by the Sea World staff. Because of the chlorine and the slapping action of water on the unshaded, bright-bottomed pool, the Dolphins are effectively blinded. Other violations include the brutal procurement of the mammals by Sea World—they net them, shocking their sonar mechanisms with "seal" bombs, in the process often killing them. They have killed Orcas in this manner, slit their bellies, and sunk them.

This will not do. Will not be tolerated. Set the Wildthings free! Never underestimate the effects of the attitudes suggested to the youth of our species by contemptuous places such as Sea World. It's a money-making prison for Anheuser-Busch & Co., and what is learned from them by the kiddies is often that the sea mammals, or any other wild thing, exist only for the amusement and gratification of homo disgustes. For the sea and the creatures that call it home, act now!

Some suggestions: if in the area, visit Sea World, and see for yourself what goes on. Then demand your admission fee back. Raise hell!

Boycott all Anheuser-Busch products, then write August Busch III at 1 Busch Plaza, St. Louis, MO 63118, and let him know about it. Demand that the petting pool be shut down! Remember, this is the first step in shutting the amusement parks down for good.

Help empower the good folks of the Dolphin Rescue Brigade wing of Sea Shepherd, POB 7000-S, Redondo Beach, CA 90277.

Be creative. Stage a protest. Put the fear of Earth First! into Anheuser-Busch—for the Dolphins, Seals, and Whales, live free or die!

—MC, Mon'ana

Dear Collective:

Here is a passage from John Steinbeck's *Travels With Charley, In Search of America*. Written in 1959, it is amazing that such a statement of vision and prophecy could have been born out of a time of such mass ignorance and societal bliss:

"But now I have been through hundreds of towns and cities in every climate and against every scenery, and of course they are all different, and the people have points of difference, but in some ways they are alike. American cities are like badger holes, ringed with trash, all of them, surrounded by piles of wrecked and rusting automobiles, and almost smothered with rubbish. Everything we use comes in boxes, cartons, bins, the so-called packaging we love so much. The mountains of things we throw away are much greater than the things we use. In this, if in no other way, we can see the wild and reckless exuberance of our production, and waste seems to be the index. Driving along, I thought how in France or Italy every item of these thrown-out things would have been saved and used for some purpose. This is not said in criticism of one system or the other but I do wonder whether there will come a time when we can no longer afford our wastefulness—chemical wastes in the rivers, metal wastes everywhere, and atomic wastes buried deep in the earth or sunk in the sea. When an Indian village became too deep in its own filth, the inhabitants moved. And now, we have no place which to move to."

The pathetic irony of this statement lies with the author himself. In the late 1950's, John Steinbeck went "searching for America." These were his observations—the point is, do you think the situation has improved in 30 years?

Steinbeck touches on the problem when he discusses the "wild and reckless exuberance of our production." He made the plight of the migrant and lower-class laborer his cause, and his disgust for exploitative capitalism (redundant phrase, huh?) was no secret. His pure love for Nature and the Sea dominates many of his novels. If any of you non-literate fools out there are searching for an honest critique of our "free"-market society written by a closet eco-defender, check out *In Dubious Battle*, by John Steinbeck.

—IKE THE LIZARD KING

Dear Pleistocene bigots, Earth Night action disturbers, cranial diarrhea, collective constipators, and all antagonists,

I disagree with everything that Mike Stabler says. He should be banned from next year's RRR in Colorado even if he organizes it. And furthermore, I forgot.

—ORIN LANGELE, ex-something retired

continued on page 33

*OPTIONAL — COMBINATION
COOKING UTENSIL HOLDER &
MAGAZINE RACK. (FITS ON BACK)

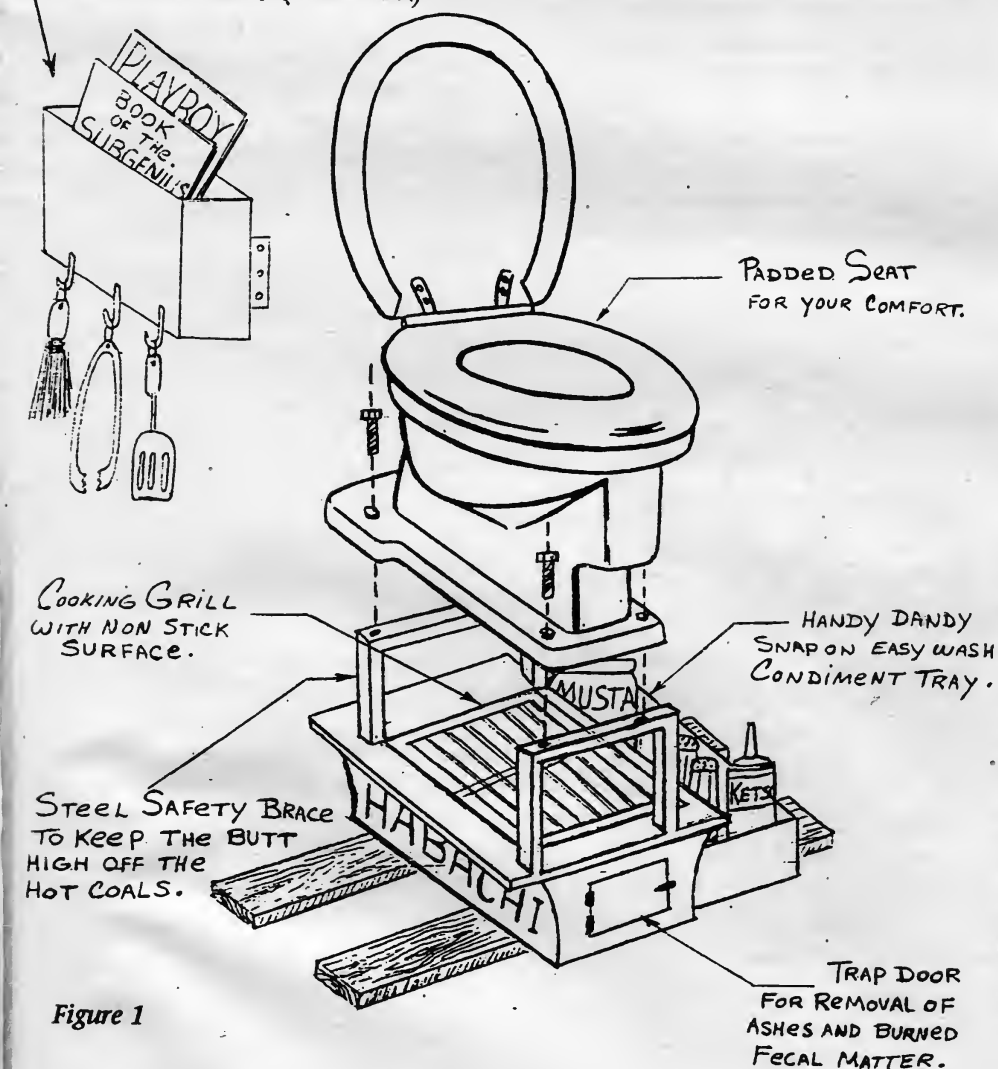


Figure 1



Hope for Northwest Ancient Forests

While destructive timber industry bills gain ground in Congress, there is a ray of hope. For the first time, the Senate is considering legislation that truly protects Pacific Northwest ancient forests and provides an economic plan to aid displaced timber workers.

Senator Brock Adams (D-WA) has introduced the Pacific Northwest Forest Community Recovery and Ecosystem Conservation Act of 1991, S.1536, which provides comprehensive safeguards for the entire old-growth ecosystem, protecting not just the endangered northern spotted owl, but all plants and animals dependent on this unique habitat. For example, Adams' ecosystem approach protects forests in California, Washington and Oregon that do not support spotted owls, but nevertheless are critical for sustaining high-quality spawning streams for Pacific Northwest salmon.

Further, Adams' bill avoids the "fox guarding the henhouse" routine by giving Congress, not timber-hungry agencies such as the Bureau of Land Management or Forest Service, the authority to determine protection for a particular forest.

One of the bill's strongest points is that it provides protection not just for ancient forests but for timber-dependent communities as well. Where logging is allowed to continue on public lands, the bill gives incentives to timber operators who process the logs domestically, providing jobs for American workers. The bill also establishes transition work programs for displaced timber employees.

Meanwhile, in the House, the Interior Subcommittee on National Parks and Public Lands is considering H.R. 1590, introduced by subcommittee chairman Bruce Vento (D-MN). The ancient forest bill needs to be strengthened with these amendments:

- * Congress must determine which forests receive protection

- * Logging would be prohibited in the interim between the bill's passage and implementation

- * All ancient forests, not just those in wilderness areas and parks, should be protected.

Adams' bill marks a milestone in the push to preserve the last ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest and, if strengthened, the Vento bill can also provide a strong voice for protection. With your help, this could be the year we succeed in stopping the timber industry from destroying these cathedral forests.

What You Can Do: You can write your senators, urging them to co-sponsor Senator Adam's bill, S.1536. You can write your representative, urging him or her to support inclusion of the above conditions in Vento's bill, H.R. 1590, at US Senate, Washington, DC, 20510 or US House of Representatives, Washington, DC, 20515.

—JAMES REGAN

LA EF!

Joining in the International Day of Outrage EF!ers in Los Angeles protested outside the old MAXXAM building in West LA. They offered a bounty of \$6,000 for the arrest and conviction of Chainsaw Charlie Hurwitz.

The City Council just held a meeting with a company which is proposing to build a water pipeline from Alaska to LA for over \$100 billion. Of course, nobody on that Council would ever consider getting the water subsidies changed, or the possibility of eliminating water-intensive crop growing or (heaven forbid) reducing our addiction to animal parts as food (of course the main user of water is cattle.)

Well, at least a little monkeywrenched spill won't do any damage to our oceans—they're just dyin' to keep us LA EF!ers worthy of the name. Call if you want to get involved. (818) 906-6833 or write: LA Earth First! POB 4381 N Hollywood, CA, 91617.

—LAURIE SALMONBIRD



A MESSAGE FOR THE BRREEDERS

(with correct English, no less!)
3" In Pink with Black Ink
\$2/roll for 10 stickers
(include 29 cent SASE)
\$1.50/roll for 50 or more stickers
checks payable and proceeds go to:
Seattle EF!
Box 60164
Seattle, WA 98160-0164

Wild Rockies

Ranchers React to Upper Ruby Allotment EIS

The Upper Ruby grazing allotment (see *Earth First!* Brigid '91) has generated considerable controversy on overgrazing and riparian damage caused by cattle and sheep grazing. The allotment, located on the Sheridan District of the Beaverhead National Forest in southwestern Montana, has been featured in articles in the *New York Times*, *High Country News*, and other publications. After proposing a 44% reduction in AUMs as well as major investment of taxpayer funds to correct longstanding grazing damage, particularly in riparian areas, the livestock industry used its considerable political pressure to get a special Section 8 review of the Draft EIS. The ranchers in the area were particularly aghast at the No Grazing alternative, which, among other things, concluded that elimination of livestock grazing altogether would provide the greatest net public benefit. Under provisions of Section 8, outside review of the document is sought.

After the Freddie released the Draft EIS, animosity towards the Sheridan Ranger District staff grew so intense that District Ranger Ron Stellingwerf voluntarily transferred to a new position on a different Forest in May. Since then, the Assistant District Ranger, George Weldon, has also transferred to a new position on a different Forest, and Range Technician Stephanie Wood, who had worked on the Upper Ruby allotment for nine years, was reassigned to other duties. There is now no one left on the Sheridan District working on the Upper Ruby allotment who was originally involved with the Draft EIS or associated with the proposed changes. The new acting District Ranger, Mark Petroni (who is concurrently the adjacent Madison District Ranger), has a range background, is sympathetic to livestock interests, and is well-liked by the ranchers.

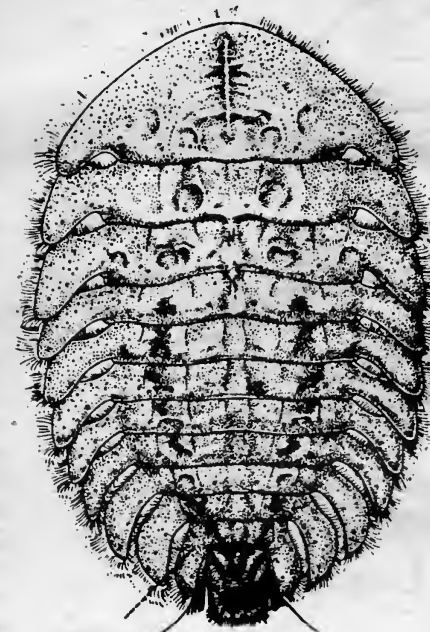
—GEORGE WUERTHNER

Madison EF!

A broad coalition of Madison, Wisconsin citizens, including ten neighborhood associations, The Grey Panthers, and Madison EF! have joined forces to oppose an aquatic complex which threatens to destroy the last patch of forest left near downtown Madison.

The proposed aquatic complex would border Turville woods, its construction would cause the destruction of at least 50 mature trees, and one to two hundred smaller trees. The city's plan has many environmental and social flaws which have triggered the widespread resistance.

Pool opponents, under the name of Turville Woods Coalition, have been circulating a petition for referendum which has city officials quite worried. The referendum, if approved by voters, would force the city to ask voters' permission before any large project could be started in any park bordering a navigable waterway. To date we have collected at least 10,500 signatures. 10,042 signature are needed to put the referendum on a ballot, so it looks as if we have won this round. Resistance to this development is strong throughout the city, and these woods will not be tampered with without a major fight.



Johnston Calls Petro-production Bill "Environmental Wish List"

Senator Bennett Johnston (D-LA) took to the Senate floor recently, defending his "National Energy Security Act," S. 1220, from attacks by colleagues and pro-environment interest groups.

"I ask those who are on the environmental side of the ledger to take a look at S.1220 because it is, in fact, an environmental wish list of those things that ought to be done," said Johnston, speaking before the Senate. But to environmentalists, the provisions of the National Energy Security Act read more like an environmental hit list. The bill would:

- * promote use of coal, which when burned, is one of the greatest contributors to global warming;

- * relax air pollution standards and environmental laws for coal-fired and hydroelectric power plants;

- * reassess moratoria on offshore drilling projects; and

- * limit citizen participation in nuclear plant licensing.

Moreover, the centerpiece to S. 1220 is a provision to allow oil and gas leasing in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge—the last remaining undisturbed arctic ecosystem in North America. Even if recoverable oil reserves exist there, the Interior Department estimates there are only **3.2 billion recoverable barrels**—a mere 200-day supply for the United States.

Johnston admitted that opening up the Arctic Refuge wouldn't be a cure-all. "But gosh, if we have it, we ought to go see," he said. The bill contains no substantial conservation provisions—it is aimed almost exclusively at encouraging greater energy production.

Speaking against the bill, Senator Richard Bryan (D-NV) said, "S. 1220 does not address what should

be our fundamental energy policy goals." Bryan, who supports stronger conservation measures, later said, "An improvement of 40 percent in the automobile fuel economy standards will save America 25 percent of all the oil we are importing today." Said Glenn Sugameli, counsel for the National Wildlife Federation's Public Lands and Energy Division, "Senator Johnston's bill is a wish list all right—a wish list for the oil, gas, coal and nuclear industries."

What You Can Do: You can help by writing your senators, urging them to oppose S.1220. Also, ask them to support S. 279, Senator Richard Bryan's (D-NV) Motor Fuel Efficiency Act. U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510

—ROBIN BONNER, EnviroAction

Timber Beast Eats Its Own Tail

No longer content to rail at environmentalists and ravage the last few remaining acres of American roadless area, the Forest Service has turned upon itself. John Mumma, who heads the Region that includes Montana, northern Idaho, and the Dakotas, has turned in his resignation rather than cave in to increased pressure from the Washington, DC office to get the cut out.

Mumma had instructed the Forest Supervisors of Region One to modify and rerun the computer model upon which the Forest Service bases its timber killing levels. Since the model had been pre-programmed to reject reasonable cutting levels, it had produced the ludicrously high levels that the Freddie's have been trying to maintain for the last several years. This time around, the model recommended decreasing the level of the cut by about 50% on most Region One Forests. That wasn't what the timber industry and its buddies in the DC office wanted to hear, so the new recommendations were disappeared and Mumma was invited to resign by Deputy Chief James Overbay and Associate Chief George Leonard. Rumor has it the our pal Dale Robertson (Mr. Chief himself) may be the next to go as the Department of Agriculture looks for someone even more accommodating to the timber industry.

Several Forest Supervisors, including Ernie Nunn of the Helena National Forest, have also tendered their resignations. Apparently, being put out to pasture beats having to try to figure out how to cut down trees that aren't there.

The Freddie purge has sparked considerable Congressional interest, and Congresspersons Miller and Sikorski have scheduled hearings in the interest of finding out just what the hell the Forest Service is up to this time.

What You Can Do: Write to Overbay, Leonard and Robertson and tell them they should be firing Forest Supervisors for lousy land management, not for inability to produce trees out of thin air. Write them at the US Forest Service, POB 96090, Wash, DC 20090-6090.

—WILLIAM HASKINS

T-SHIRTS

Two-sided design:
artwork on front
printed text of
"Your Legal Rights"
on back!
Short sleeved, 100% cotton
Colors: white or light blue
Sizes: S M L XL
\$12 postpaid

Colorado Earth First!
c/o Chris
302 27th St
Boulder, CO 80303
Bulk orders call
303-499-6310

Profits pay Amex 17 legal costs



Earth First! UK Action...

For any of you that didn't know, EF! has now hit the UK scene. We presently have an office in London which we're sharing with the London Rainforest Action Group, five groups around the country and scattered EF!ers. We started EF!(UK) in a small town on the south coast called Hastings and carried out actions against the local nukiller power plant, a local Earth rapist who was illegally tipping on ancient woodland and various other ongoing constructions and so-called developments.

EF!(UK) really took off in early July with two UK EF!ers taking part in a direct action against logging in Sarawak, Malaysia. It was then that we decided to get the office with LRA and start doing our own actions in London. From those actions we've had the first arrests for rainforest in the UK as well as worldwide media coverage for our activities over the G7 economic summit when we were joined by Bruno Manser. We've also had our first front page article from the nationals.

The whole UK environmental scene is clearly lacking any groups with any backbone. Even David Bellamy (if any of you rednecks have heard of him) has said that he's fed up with existing green groups and their lack of backbone. Anyway lots of people are really enthusiastic about the concept of EF!(UK) and the radicalisation of the UK scene has now begun in earnest. EF! is slowly but surely finding its own style and identity in this country. New people are joining the movement by the day, several new groups are about to set up and we've been given an inflatable — so the possibilities are endless (well almost). With the Deep vs. Social ecology debate already alive in this country and unfortunately tending towards Social, we've got quite a lot of work to do in the UK philosophy-wise.

I'd really like to see better networking concerning EF! globally. With the Sarawak international action containing EF!ers from the US, UK and Australia I think this is a real beginning. We're currently planning a UK roadshow with Dana Lyons in December and maybe a European one with Darryl Cherney in January. What about the idea of global EF! actions — like a bigger version of Redwood Summer, eh?

—JASON TORRANCE

East Fork AMEX Saga Continues...

American Express has gone bankrupt!!! That statement is true enough for the short-term; the AMEX subsidiary Balcor is reorganizing and *selling all assets!* Balcor is the corporate partner in a horrible scheme to build a mega-ski resort in the East Fork Valley between two wilderness areas in Colorado, threatening to squash hopes of griz and wolf reintroduction. What with karma and all, Balcor is going belly-up. It's highly likely that overpaid fatheads are scrambling to find a new sucker/investor, one who they hope hasn't heard of the hasslers EF!ers have caused the developers/rapists.

Activists continue to agitate at the bureaucratic level for adequate wildlife studies, etc., but even finding the state-endangered lynx in East Fork hasn't slowed anything down. Don't let up your private encouragement campaign. AMEX needs to know that messing with wilderness yields nasty backlashes. Balcor has not yet sold or donated its interest in the project. Until East Fork is safe, PLEASE continue to pay attention and influence the corporate greedheads in any way possible.

SOURCE: MIKE STABLER

Flambeau Still Flickers

Protests are still going on against the Flambeau Copper Mine operation of the Kennecott Copper Company near Ladysmith, Wisconsin. The protesting is not organized and is somewhat sporadic, but is happening intermittently. Meanwhile, the Midwest Sierra Club and the Lac Courte Oreilles band of the Lake Superior Ojibwa have filed a joint law suit against the State of Wisconsin. The EIS prepared by the state DNR was completely inadequate, and even the DNR has been apologizing for the shoddy job. Of course, the DNR is stalling as long as it can before it does the required studies on endangered species. The Lac Courte Oreilles band seeks to protect its off-reservation treaty rights, amounting to an effort to save the endangered species in the area. The suit also seeks an injunction to stop preparations for the mine site. Currently, there is a cyclone fence around the site perimeter and heavy equipment is on display all over; Kennecott is ready to rip things up. In fact, some higher-ups from Kennecott have been rumored to have been seen in Ladysmith; apparently Kennecott feels it has a "situation" with which it needs to deal.

SOURCE: MIDWEST HEADWATERS EF!

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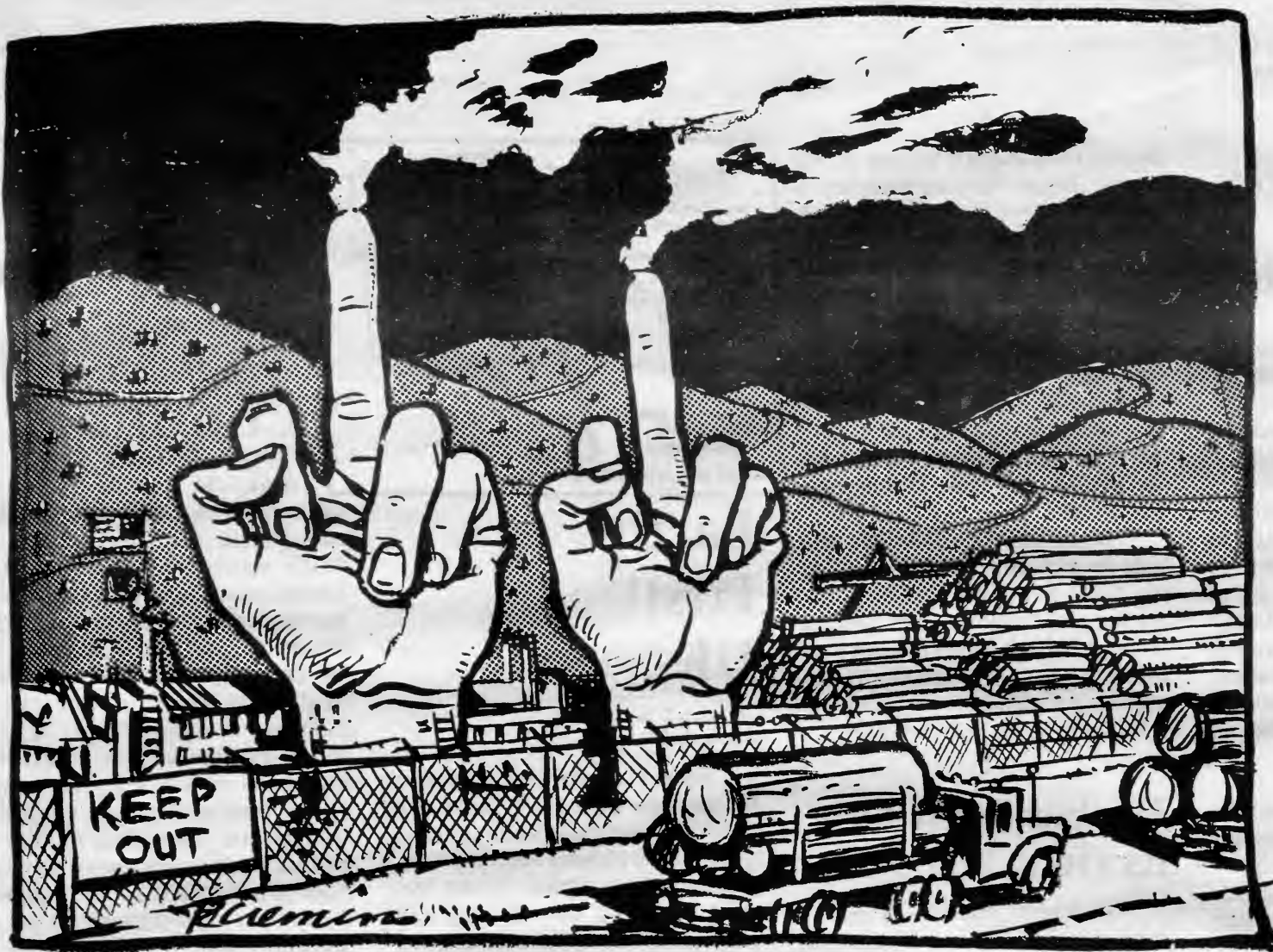
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Driftnet Moratorium Enforcement Act of 1991

S.884, introduced by Sen. Packwood, will require the President to impose economic sanctions against countries that fail to eliminate large-scale driftnet fishing. The bill affirms that it is the United States' position to secure a permanent ban on the use of destructive fishing practices, and in particular large-scale driftnets on the high seas.

If a country does not cease the practice of driftnet fishing by July 1, 1992, a prohibition on all of their exported fish and fish products will be implemented against them. If any country retaliates against the US because of the prohibitions against them, the President has the right to impose economic sanctions which may include imposition of duties, import bans or other import restrictions on the services of a country to which this act applies.

Despite worldwide pressure to stop large-scale driftnet fishing on the high seas, the Republic of Korea, Japan, Taiwan, Mexico, England, France and Ireland, among others, are continuing to use this method of fishing beyond their exclusive economic zones. Driftnet fishing is extremely destructive to oceanic wildlife. Driftnets can lay in the ocean for miles, and reach depths of 100 feet. Driftnets do not discriminate between endangered, threatened and populous species: they capture all wildlife that swims and floats in their vicinity and are known to kill numerous species of whales, sharks, turtles, non-target fish, dolphins, birds and seals. Since many of the species killed are not edible,

they are subsequently discarded. In January of 1990, Greenpeace's campaign ship, the M/V Rainbow Warrior, embarked from New Zealand on an expedition to document Japanese and Taiwanese driftnet fisheries targeting Albacore tuna in the Tasman Sea. With the help of various marine scientists and other professionals they were able to obtain the first documentation of the impact that driftnets have on endangered marine mammals. Greenpeace claims to have observed and rescued a southern bottlenose whale from a Japanese driftnet. This species is so rare that scientists have only documented a total of fifty specimens either alive or dead. At this low number, the loss of one female southern bottlenose whale dramatically increases the species chance of extinction.

S.884 will help to ensure that the worldwide ban on large-scale driftnet fishing proposed by U.N. Resolution 44-225 takes effect on June 30, 1992, by imposing economic sanctions against countries that insist on using driftnets larger than 1.5 miles long.

What You Can Do: Write or call your senator about the proposed driftnet moratorium.

1. Tell your senator that you support the elimination of driftnet fishing on the high seas.

2. Tell your senator that you support the prohibition of exported fish and fish products from countries that continue to use this unacceptable method of fishing.

3. Tell your senator that you support the implementation of economic sanctions against countries that continue to violate this moratorium.

4. Ask that your Senator informs you of her/his actions on this issue.

—GLOBAL ACTION NETWORK

PAW Conference

As the Journal goes to print, the PAW, or Preserve Appalachian Wilderness, Conference is taking place at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Held September 14th and 15th, the conference is being sponsored by Virginians for Wilderness. Many folks in the Eastern movement should be attending, including David Brower from Earth Island. The theme is Returning Big Wilderness and Sanity to the Appalachians and Beyond, Strategies and Actions.

Big Bend EF! Florida

Recently, a Freddy agency family picnic was surreptitiously subverted by Big Bend EF!ers. It seems that the Freddies had a Smokey-the-Bear present for the entertainment of the kiddies. Being a hot day, the bear grew overheated and retired to the shade. He soon returned, however, or so they thought. In fact, it was a different Smokey, whose furry exterior concealed someone with a wicked intent. The deception wasn't noticed by the hapless Freddies until they began reading the literature "Smokey" was handing out. At that point there was a brief altercation between rival bears, in which the one without the Freddy inside agreed to leave the party. A good time was had by all.

APPALACHIAN/ VA/DC EF!

Freddies in the Monongahela N.F. have been so embarrassed by the disappearance of the Canadian Yew from their forest that they quietly dropped it from their list of significant plant species. When questioned about the plant by Virginia EF!ers they mumbled shamefacedly and changed the subject. The Canadian Yew is a relict northern species that in the southerly latitudes of West Virginia, exists only in high altitude, moist forests. Its disappearance represents, in the words of Bob Mueller, "a botanical catastrophe." It seems as though the deer, the most intensively managed-for animal species in the forest, have eaten them all, since they find yews yummy. A lot of searching in the woods by EF!ers failed to turn up one.

SOURCE: BOB MUELLER

BOOK REVIEWS

A British Perspective on Green Philosophy

Confessions of an Eco-warrior By D. Foreman, 1991

The Ecological Self By F. Mathews, 1991

The Economy of the Earth By M. Sagoff, 1988

Applied Philosophy Ed. B. Almond & D. Hill, 1991

REVIEWS BY GEORGE FRENCH

These books are representative of the struggle the middle class of the globe are going through with regard to the destruction of the Biosphere—a destruction they themselves are very much responsible for. In a kind light they can be described as the works of a free-floating intelligentsia alienated from the habitual dogma encased in the Western world view. As ecological secular prophets they no doubt adhere to the trickle down theory of knowledge in which rarified theories of today are tomorrow's common knowledge. In an unkind light, these, and the thousands of other green books now being published, make up a new form of capital accumulation far more profitable than merely transforming nature into the commodity of our desire. It's much easier to write books about the need for a new "form of life" than it is to actually go out and do it. None of these books are printed on recycled paper. One wonders whether affluent, articulate Westerners are really the best people to prescribe solutions for the eco-rape. Liberal environmentalists such as Passmore and Nash think they are, but I have my doubts.

The most accessible of these four books is the one by D. Foreman, who has plenty of angst but little style. A seminal figure in the "Earth First!" movement of America, his core theme is the preservation of wilderness through direct action and eco-terraism. Typical of his ideas is that large tracts of America should be declared wilderness zones in which humans have no, or very limited rights of access. The book can also be described as a monkeywrenching manual for those dismayed at the failure of legal methods to reverse environmental degradation and species depletion. While these sentiments are admirable and should rightly feature in any deep green dialogue, I nevertheless left the book feeling dissatisfied and frustrated.

For me there are three things wrong with the strand of deep ecology as promoted by Foreman. The first is that it is reactive rather than pro-active in that it concentrates on knocking things down rather than building alternatives. There is no utopian vision to counter our existing dystopia other than a world without humans. This book lacks a genuine counter-discourse illuminating an eco-centric alternative such as that presented in Callanbach's *Eco-topia*. What Foreman is really into, like the IRA, is guerilla activity. But disabling or setting fire to logging machines is not the same as turning them into ploughs. Foreman has become trapped into being a professional protester and thereby feeds and needs the system he despises in order to fulfill his purpose in life.

The second conundrum with Foreman is the undercurrent of macho Rambo-ism that pervades his work. The use of the word 'warrior' in the title of the book I found patriarchal, histrionic and just plain crass. Foreman, I'm sure, sees himself as a modern day frontiersman fighting single-handed the megamilitary industrial complex to the death. On a more serious level, masculine traits such as confrontation, action and destruction take priority at the expense of mediation, reflection and nurturing in the book. The warrior mentality of Foreman reflects the dominance of men within the Earth First! movement itself, whose patriarchs include Devall and Sessions (*Deep Ecology*) and Naess (*Ecology, Community and Lifestyle*).

A final problem with American-style deep ecology is its conservative and romantic obsession with the concept of wilderness. It perpetuates the dream of wildness as pure and virginal while human society is invariably incremental and flawed. In this simplistic dichotomy we have nature versus culture, rural versus urban and human versus animal. What this view does is sustain the Western paradigm of a dualistic nature, one kind of nature "out

there," innocent and beautiful, while another nature lives "in here," guilty and ugly. What this ideology fails to comprehend is that it is culture-specific and strongly Western. Tribal societies survived thousands of years without creating species depletion and without needing a dualistic concept of nature. Foreman's idea of segregating human society and wilderness may be a stop-gap measure to preserve species, but it does not solve the problem of creating a culture in which a dualistic nature does not exist.

Frey Mathews is a professional philosopher currently teaching in Australia. At base, her book is an attempt to make deep ecology a valid curriculum topic for philosophy courses at universities throughout the globe. The book's main credential is that it is academic, full of the right references and contains a hefty bibliography. Her argument is that the West has adopted an atomistic ideology which supports individualism, exploitation of nature and a mechanistic interpretation of how the universe works. She uses Spinoza, Capra and Naess to argue that the West's atomistic ideology is wrong and should be replaced with holistic interconnectedness. All species are related and interdependent so we should be kind to nature. On a deeper level, she surveys the literature on intrinsic value in nature and how it's been justified. Like her professional contemporaries, she comes out in favour of three levels of value which I won't bore you with here.

My criticisms of the book are two-fold. The first relates to the issue of language and how the almost Zen-like inspiration for deep ecology and its message is being hijacked by concept-heavy intellectuals. Phrases like; "In the framework of plenism substance cannot be plural so the criterion of individuation cannot be substantial. . ." litter every page. What is happening is that deep ecology is being transformed into a language game rather than a guide for policy action and personal self-realization. In a way, I feel this trend will lead to mystifying deep ecology rather than opening it up to the masses. Of course, one can defend the book, and its technical language, by claiming that furthering the cause of deep ecology must operate on many levels, and that developing conceptual

analysis on the theory of value in nature is just as valid as planting trees.

Which brings me to my second criticism which is the failure of this book to offer any prescription for action whatsoever. It is theory totally devoid of practice. It's all head and no heart. She suffers badly from the liberal maxim "Do as I say, not as I do." On p. 147 she writes; "The normative thrust of this thesis is that we should adopt a bio- or eco-centric ethic, and learn to 'tread lightly' on this Earth, taking from it only what we must to satisfy our basic needs." But she offers no insight into the contestable terms 'tread lightly' or vital needs. I take the terms to mean that we should turn Britain into a temperate wet forest and live like tribals. For others it might mean trading in the Volvo for a Mini. For me, this book merely restates the problem confronting the Western ideology and offers no advance on works written forty years ago. It reinforces my cynicism towards the liberal tradition which seems as though it could go on forever churning out green critiques while remaining aloof from the need for personal and political action.

The Economy of the Earth by M. Sagoff was published some three years ago and has stood the test of time. It has been reprinted once in hardback and has now gone into a paperback edition. Of the four books I thought this was the best read, and it's a must for all deep ecology policy makers who don't shy away from the need for some eco-fascism. This book is honest in three ways. The first is the author's admission that his own ideals and practice conflict in relation to the environment. The second is the book's direct concern with social regulation and control of an electorate whose "I'm all right Jack" mentality will resist eco-policy directed towards biocentric egalitarianism. The third reason is that he makes clear the book's limitations in the sense that only moderate policy prescriptions are advocated, because they are more likely to be accepted.

Some of the best themes in the book are his analyses of the demise of utopian capitalism and the myth of the market as an efficient allocator of human and natural resources. Another theme is the study of the difference between deontological and consequen-

continued on next page

Still more SFB...

Letter to the Editor,

I am a casual reader of Earth First! and am now focusing in on my personal rationale to try to understand the world's ecological disasters. Perusing the EFi journal, I am impressed with the sincerity and energy of conscientious human beings trying to deal with the literal slaughter by Man of tree and animal species, world's resources, the atmosphere, etc. In effect, mass suicide. The engine of human greed is all too common and much too intense to apparently resolve reasonably. Driving nails into trees, lying down in front of Dow Chemical trains, and debolting transmission towers is like peeing on a raging house fire—it works, is admirable, but is quite futile. However, the continuation of efforts is necessary until the real solution comes to bear.

Let's get down to the real issue, so that our energies can be reorganized and truly redirected for en-masse effectiveness. The solution, as I see it, is totally within the scope of the law, as opposed to present efforts I read about which are considered illegal. Man has been spoiling the environment from day one. However, it has been accept-

able because it was done under the veil of survival; fur for clothing, meat for food, etc. Native American Indians used buffalo heads and furs for ceremonial purposes which was also acceptable because it was simply a byproduct of a valid animal kill performed for survival. Indians would use, and actually abuse, a piece of land, and when the hunting was depleted, mature trees cut down, and the land generally fouled, the chief and councilmen decided to move on, not for the reason of permitting the land to refurbish (although it did), but for better, new resources. And then European white men came upon the scene, and civilization and technology, as we know it today, flourished.

The only difference, as I see it, between the native Americans and the conquering white men is not in the differential nature of Men, generally, but in their numbers. Basically, Man has always, presently does, and will continue to devastate his environment. The key is to keep things in balance so that the various environmental components are not irreversibly devastated. It appears to me that the sole solution

lies in drastically decreasing the population. Our efforts should be focused primarily on not only holding the world's population at bay, but actually decreasing it markedly over several generations. This concerted effort must be commenced at once for we are presently on a collision course with total annihilation, and it will take several generations to bring this runaway, stampeding population to a decreased, stable, acceptable level. This cannot be done on a national basis alone but must be accomplished through the international community, post-haste. Pressures must be applied continually and intensely to make sure that all nations take immediate steps to quell the human explosion. With this tack, oil spills may still occur, however, super super tankers would be uneconomical since smaller tankers would suffice. With this tack fewer people will use aerosol sprays. Fewer rhino and elk horns will be in demand. Fewer trees will be cut down, etc., etc. Without this tack, Man will be removed from the endangered species list and placed instead on the rest-in-peace, extinct list. And the unique post-mortem twist that will

come out of this all is that 5,000 years A.M. (After Mankind) departs from the Earth, the atmosphere, forests and all bodies of water will have fully regenerated to a healthy pre-Man status again. 10,000 years A.M. there will be very few traces of Man's presence on Earth. Erosion and oxidation will have reduced Man's mightiest structures to earth, again. Perhaps if the Earth then permits the human species to develop again, we will be wiser. I doubt it. I am not willing to take the gamble. Perhaps Earth First! should be modified to Man First to put this all into true perspective. For, I feel, if the Earth could talk it would say, he who laughs last, laughs best. —IRV ANDERS

Greetings Shit for Brains,

Just got finished reading about Judi Bari's dealings with PALCO. I'd really like to start sending hate mail to John Campbell. Please publish his address as well as how we can determine the location of other slash and burn executives. Thanks. —ANOTHER RADICAL FOR A LEVEL PLAYING FIELD

continued from previous page

tial liberalism when he asks the question "Can environmentalists be Liberals?" While this work offers up yet another liberal middle-of-the-road response to the eco-rape, it has compensations. It clears away a lot of muddy thinking about environmental policy-making because he attends directly to first principles. These include the flawed notion of rationalism, used by policy makers; the need to map out a philosophy before creating policy rather than just adding onto what's gone before; and his continual attention to the conflict between our egoist desires and the common good. We all want a better environment, but very few of us are prepared to abandon affluence to get it.

My criticism of Sagoff is that he fails in his own stated objective. At one point he writes;

"Utopian capitalism is dead; that the concepts of resource and welfare economics, as a result, are largely obsolete and irrelevant; and that we must look to other concepts and cultural traditions."

But nowhere in the book does he grasp the nettle and step outside the Western paradigm. The clear picture that this book creates is not deep green, or anything radical, but reformist and almost insipid. Although Sagoff is a despairing humanitarian liberal, his, and our, cultural and emotional insecurity prevent him from abandoning our deeply flawed Western paradigm. How, for example, would indigenous tribal people suggest the West go about transforming its environmental policy? Should members of the tree-hugging Chipko movement be invited into the White House and Parliament to disseminate their expertise? This at least would be a start in looking at other concepts and cultural traditions.

The final book reviewed is a collection of essays by the Society for Applied Philosophers, in which the first section is concerned with ecological problems. The essays vary from the truly inane to the quite interesting, but on the whole they are bland and somewhat dated. The worst is by one of Britain's leading post-war philosophers, R.M. Hare, who denies the possibility of intrinsic value and supports more road building. The best is by D. Hill, who politely questions the thinking of Hare and lists nine reasons why the building of new roads could be considered immoral. Between the bad and the good are essays concerned with deep ecology and its justifications, be they rational, scientific or philosophical. While you should read these essays for yourself, I side with T.L.S. Sprigge who claims that deep ecology is more to do with intuition than logic and that this search for a scientific deep ecology is doomed to failure. What this book does to is support Karl R. Popper's claim that Western philosophy is in a very bad way, with no sign of a let-up. The world perishes while philosophers continue to idly ponder whether the world exists or not.



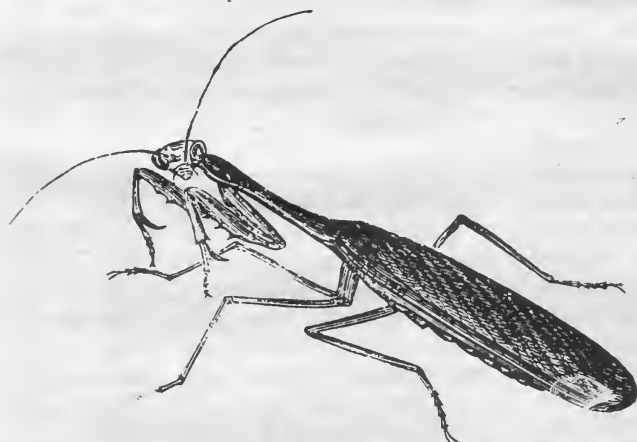
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The Greening of the Church

by Thomas Berry,
Sean McDonagh Orbis, Maryknoll, NY, 1990.

REVIEWED BY BILL MCCORMICK

The early Earth First! used to have a regular eco-Christian contributor by the name of Charles Watson. As a semi-Christian deep ecologist, I readily admit my tradition deserves much of the dressing-down it has received for non-ecological, transitory ethics. Nevertheless, there have been developments within the church in just the last five years that would leave even radical ecologists awestruck.

Take, for instance, an interview with the Catholic theologian (or better, geologist) Thomas Berry in the July, 1990, *Sun*:



"These Earth First (sic) people have hold of a magnificent idea. People ask me what to do. I say; Blow up the bridges...it will cost trillions of dollars to repair them. Stop this mad racing back and forth."

Another stunning example of just how far some Christians have come is Sean McDonagh's *The Greening of the Church*. Never in my lifetime did I expect Roman Catholic clerics to come this far!

McDonagh is an Irish priest who has spent 20 years working in remote areas of the Philippines, so one certainly can't accuse him of being some sort of ivory tower environmentalist. He is painfully aware of the questions of justice and powerlessness among the poor. He knows the effects of massive World Bank projects, the repression of the Marcos years, and the role played by multinationals in thwarting land reform.

Yet unlike many of his peers, Father McDonagh doesn't give us the pat answers we have come to expect: if only everything were redistributed properly, there would be plenty to go around. Birth control is imperialism against women and the poor, we can't have that! In fact, McDonagh sounds more like a cross between Ed Abbey and a State of the World report. Listen:

"Is it really pro-life to ignore the warnings of demographers and ecologists who predict that unbridled population growth will lead to severe hardship and an increase in the infant mortality rate for succeeding generations? Is it pro-life to allow the extinction of hundreds of thousands of living species which will ultimately affect the well-being of the planet?...Through our almost total control of all the Earth's resources we are acting as a cancer on the rest of the biosphere."

It is in this area of birth control/population control—where the church has historically displayed the most appalling ignorance, regularly exhorting throngs of desperate and starving people to go forth and produce as many children as possible—that McDonagh sets his sights, and he doesn't let up until the floor has been cleared:

"The population cannot continue to double every few decades...Common sense dictates that this situation should be addressed now."

"In a desperate struggle for survival, hungry people cause further ecological degradation and often irre-

versibly destroy the life-support systems by cutting more trees, grazing marginal lands and farming steep slopes. If the damage to the environment is irreversible, the life-support systems will never again be able to support a population even at present levels."

"One wonders where the money will come from to provide even a minimum level of basic services. For example, the present sewage system in Manila was constructed in 1905 when the population was only a fraction of what it is now."

"As population increases one can predict that the school system will lag further and further behind in its ability to educate. In this kind of situation the people who suffer most will be the poor. The rate of illiteracy can be expected to rise..."

With his first hand experience, McDonagh really brings these issues into focus. A vast portion of

humanity is already lacking in the basics: schools, health care, sewer systems; what is it going to be like when there are twice, by some estimates *three times* as many people in the next century? McDonagh does not shirk these tough questions. "The carrying capacity will be reached long before these figures become a reality, and malnutrition, starvation and death will become a central mechanism for population control."

Perhaps what I liked best about this book is that it unequivocally states: "...overpopulation is a moral issue. One cannot help wondering how history will judge political or religious leaders who, for whatever reason, refuse to acknowledge the strains which rapidly increasing population are placing on the Earth." Indeed.

McDonagh traces the response of the 'pro-life' lobby, and their shrill cry that anyone who opposes the ban on artificial contraception is "anti-life, anti-human and anti-God." One might imagine such horrifyingly irresponsible positions on birth control are only evident in archaic institutions like the Vatican. But if recent events are any indication, George Bush is on the verge of installing yet another reactionary pro-lifer on the Supreme Court, and turning back the clock on reproductive freedom as far as he possibly can. We now live in a country that prides itself on being able to crack the genetic code, yet in the near future young women seeking abortions may be arrested and sent to jail, and family planning clinics are forbidden by law to discuss family planning!

Sean McDonagh, my deepest gratitude for your superb and courageous book. We need more people like you in every aspect of society, to oppose the fools who run things. You quote a prayer from St. Basil, which I would like to close with:

"Oh God, enlarge within us the sense of fellowship with all living things, our brothers the animals, to whom thou gavest the Earth as their home in common with us."

"We remember with shame that in the past we have exercised the high dominion of man with ruthless cruelty, so that the voice of the Earth, which should have gone up to thee in song, has been a groan of travail."

"May we realize that they live not for us alone but for themselves and for thee and the sweetness of life."

Last Stand: Logging, Journalism, and the Case for Humility
By Richard Manning, Peregrine Smith; \$19.95

REVIEWED BY MATT THOMAS

Manning's book begins with the image of his grandfather, "still part of the woods...like a creature the woods protected," whose skill with an ax worked "magic" over the young Manning. The old man's ax was his instrument of connection with the woods, "cutting trees was just something he did," a part of his being, and, though he was confused about much, he was "not at all confused about the theory and practice of the woods."

The book ends with Manning cutting firewood in his backyard in Missoula, Montana with a four-foot hand saw, trying to measure his life's cost to the Earth with the strokes of his saw, trying to reconstruct himself and his world by experiencing the death necessary to sustain his life. Manning has come to believe that the woods are profoundly unknowable, and that this lesson he has learned from the forest, which he calls "the case for humility," is the true starting point for the theory and practice, not just of the woods, but of the human relationship with the Earth and with one another.

These images, these rituals of connection, frame the story of Manning's world coming unglued. The story spans the two years Manning covered the natural resources beat for Missoula's corporate-owned daily, the *Missoulian*.

While on that beat he researched and wrote an award-winning series on the rape of corporate timberland in Montana, then quit rather than be re-assigned when his editors lost confidence that he could be objective about ecocide. It also seems that all this talk of corporate irresponsibility got a little tedious for the corporate-types running the paper.

More deeply, the story is about a man whose "people...are loggers," and who was proud of the reporting craft and his mastery of it. Those years revealed, through a series of epiphanies, that "corporate loggers mine trees, really, mine humus. Corporate journalism mines humans." They revealed that the world his grandfather gave him was corrupt.

But don't pass this book by just because it's not news to you that MBAs are like an AIDS virus infecting American culture, turning institutions like newspapers that once opposed commercial rapacity and government duplicity into allies. The great strength of this book is that it explains how the infection progressed in a specific place at a specific time, in compelling detail.

Not that the story is over. *The Missoula Independent*, a weekly tabloid established recently in part to break the *Missoulian*'s news stranglehold, reports in its Sept. 5 edition that the *Missoulian* is threatening Manning's publisher with legal action. Manning and his editor at Peregrine, Heather Bennett, agreed to several changes in the book, changes they now regret.

"We tried to operate in a good

faith manner," *The Independent* reports Bennett as saying, "but they were playing a game of intimidation. They were on a personal vendetta. They were out to censor Dick Manning."

The most interesting change, apparent to anyone with an advance copy of the book, is that Montana State Forester Gary Brown will regain his anonymity.

Manning has Brown playing a duplicitous game with the issue of a forest practices act for Montana (the only timber-producing state in the Northwest without one). Brown was publicly arguing, and advising the state legislature, that there was no need to, as Manning paraphrases him, "gum up the works with another set of regulations," and that "all was well on the land." (The "works" Brown would be "gumming" were mainly the devastation of the 1.7 million or so acres of timberland Champion International and Plum Creek hold in Montana.)

Apparently, at about the same time, Brown was telling *Missoulian* reporter Steve Woodruff, under a guarantee of anonymity, that he knew of the damage being done on private timberlands, that he suspected Plum Creek was abusing a committee the state had set up to mitigate problems associated with checkerboard ownership, and that, "off the record,... I hope we end up with a forest practices act..." (Brown speaking, Manning quoting Woodruff's notes).

Montana still has no forest practices act, Champion and Plum Creek are in the last stages of raping their land, and, if *The Missoula Independent*'s circumlocution is any indication, Brown will be referred to in the publication text of *Last Stand* as "a high official in the state forester's office."

If it is a fault that Manning and his publisher changed the book in an attempt to appease the *Missoulian*, it is not the book's only fault. Perhaps its worst is conceptual confusion about what constitutes a community, most apparent when the capitalist apologetic fable of the "tragedy of the commons" is invoked in a discussion of, of all institutions unworthy of being regarded in the context of community, the Forest Service and joint-stock corporations.

Another fault that stands out is Manning's tendency to be generous in judging the actions of people who are going along with what they know to be very wrong—the modus operandi of evil in our bureaucratic age, which should be identified and attacked as such. He also occasionally slips back into his grandfather's mindset, as when he says of ancient forests, "This is not just about wildlife such as spotted owls. It is about our ability to grow trees..."

But then how could one write a faultless book about humility? Though not faultless, it is a compelling and deeply felt tale of a man's struggle to live consciously and ethically with the Earth. And a tale of the forest's ability to provide the key insight.



Taking Stock: Animal Farming and the Environment

by Alan Durning and Holly Brough,
Worldwatch Institute

REVIEWED BY GEORGE WUERTHNER

Some ecologists, myself included, have suggested that if all the environmental costs associated with livestock production were fully accounted for and considered, the production of livestock would rate as one of the most environmentally destructive activities on Earth and the single greatest threat to global ecological processes and ecosystem health. Those skeptical of such a conclusion, should read the Worldwatch Institute's latest paper, *Taking Stock: Animal Farming and the Environment* by Alan Durning and Holly Brough.

In this small but well-documented publication, the authors attempt to give a global-ecological perspective of the numerous environmental "costs" associated with livestock production and they are very successful in this endeavor. It is full of statistics that will make even the most fervent cow lover reconsider their stance and likely make the rest of us into vegetarians. Consider a few of the many gems hidden in this publication:

Half of the land area of the entire planet is grazed by domestic livestock. Just the amount of land devoted to livestock production would guarantee it a position as a significant impact on the Earth's ecological systems. But these impacts go beyond the destruction of native plant communities and subsequent soil erosion associated with improper livestock management.

The authors report that nearly 70% of the grains grown in the United States are fed to livestock, thus the loss of topsoil resulting from cropland production, pollution of underground aquifers by fertilizers and pesticides and the input of fossil fuels necessary to operate the farm equipment are all uncounted costs of America's love affair with a meat diet. All told, half of the energy used in American agriculture goes into the livestock sector.

In addition, nearly half of the grain and hay fed to American beef come from irrigated lands—primarily in the arid West. Thus, many of the dewatered rivers and the construction of dams and reservoirs in this region, and the subsequent flooding of free-flowing and degradation of aquatic ecosystems, are all uncounted costs of the livestock industry.

The authors even suggest that dense concentrations of livestock may even produce acid rain as a result of ammonia released from manure. They cite a report by the Netherlands National Institute of Public Health and Environmental Production which concluded that livestock industry discharges into the air are the single greatest source of acid deposition on Dutch soils—doing more damage than all of the country's cars and factories.

But environmental damage is not restricted to rangelands. According to the authors, more than 1/3 of the rainforests in Central America have been removed to produce livestock pastures which, due to the biological richness of these forests, has had a tremendous impact upon global biodiversity. Similar destruction of tropical rainforests in Brazil and elsewhere are all, in part, due to livestock production.

After laying out the many environmental "costs" associated with livestock production, the authors review government and cultural policies which contribute to these imbalances. Finally, there is discussion of some innovative solutions to make livestock production less environmentally destructive.

The book is available for \$5 plus shipping and handling from Worldwatch Institute, 1776 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20036



Bulletins

Earth First! Children's Tabloid

The EF! journal editorial collective receives dozens of letters from kids each month, asking for info and imparting gems of wisdom (see p. 3). In order to communicate more freely with the EF! activists of the next generation, the collective is preparing a children's tabloid. If you or youngsters you know have some ideas for stories or graphics, send them in to Joanne Forman, c/o the EF! journal office. We hope to have a tabloid done by Halloween.

Counter-Columbus Rally

The TiyoSPAye American Indian Student Organization cordially invites you to participate in, or send representatives to Counter-Columbus Quincentennial rallies in St. Augustine, FL, on Saturday, October 12th and in St. Petersburg, FL, on Sunday, October 13th. The St. Augustine rally is particularly significant, not because of the date, but because it is also the oldest continually-inhabited European colony in the western hemisphere. For more information contact TiyoSPAye, 2084 Leewood Blvd, Melbourne, FL, 32935, 407-242-9208.

Jakes Plan European Rainforest Roadshow

Jake Jagoff and Jake Burbridge, fresh from a stint in a Sarawak jail, are planning an EF! European Rainforest Roadshow in January and February of 1992. Anyone interested in hosting the show for a date, or any interested musicians, speakers, rabblers, barnstormers, gymnasts, poets, princes, or pawns should contact the two Jakes at the Rainforest Information Centre, Box 368, Lismore, NSW 2480, Australia, 066-21-85-05.

Wildlife Damage Control Conf.

The 5th Eastern Wildlife Damage Control Conference will be October 6-9 in Ithaca, NY. For info, contact Carol Rundle, Dept Natural Resources, 108 Fernow Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY, 14853-3001. Attend to learn from the experts all the latest techniques and methods in controlling wildlife. Remember, you can't fight what you don't know about.



Vegan Cheese

Sally Clinton and The Vegetarian Resource Group have compiled a list of cheeses that do not contain animal rennet. Most cheese products produced in the United States contain a coagulant enzyme derived from the stomachs of cattle or pigs. Some cheeses, however, contain microbial rennet that does not come from animal sources. The list, *Which Cheeses Do Not Contain Animal Rennet?*, is available for \$2 from The Vegetarian Resource Group, Box 1463, Baltimore, MD, 21203.

Paper Mill Pollution Conference

The Deep South Network on Pulp & Paper Mill Pollution is presenting a Citizen's Conference on Solutions to Pulp & Paper Mill Pollution on Saturday, September 28th at Tulane University in New Orleans.

The South is home to half of the nation's pulp and paper mills and is a target area for the industry's future growth. Fishing advisories, fish kills, and groundwater contamination are only symptoms of the real problem—the use of chlorine to bleach pulp. Federal laws and regulations have been vastly inadequate, and now states have the added responsibility to regulate pulp mills on their own. The industry is forestalling change by engaging in unnecessary job blackmail and a debate over how toxic dioxin is. The real problem is political rather than scientific. This conference offers citizens the information and skills necessary to clean up the largest single source of water pollution in the world. For more info, call Audrey Evans at (504) 865-5789 or Gail Martin at (504) 861-0867, or write the Deep South Network, Box 4348, New Orleans, LA, 70178-4348.

Ohio River Watershed Bioregion Conference

Coming Home, a Congress and Festival of Spirituality and Ecology of the Ohio River Watershed Bioregion, will take place October 11-14 near Oldenburg, IN. For those of you who haven't been to a bioregional congress, they are somewhat similar to a regional rendezvous: you set the agenda. This bioregional congress will be at the farm of the Sisters of St. Francis (go to Oldenburg—about three miles off I-74 and about 40 miles from Cincinnati—and follow the signs to the farm), and everyone will be camping on the farm meadow. BYO everything. Contact John Gibson, 3038 Fall Creek Pkwy, Indianapolis, IN, 46205, (317) 925-9297.

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This is a list of the gew-gaws, trinkets, snake oil, tapes and baubels we currently have in stock. All prices are postpaid. We will publish more extensive visual displays in some other issue. **DECCA**

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Earth First! Red (all sizes) \$10; Green (all sizes) \$10.
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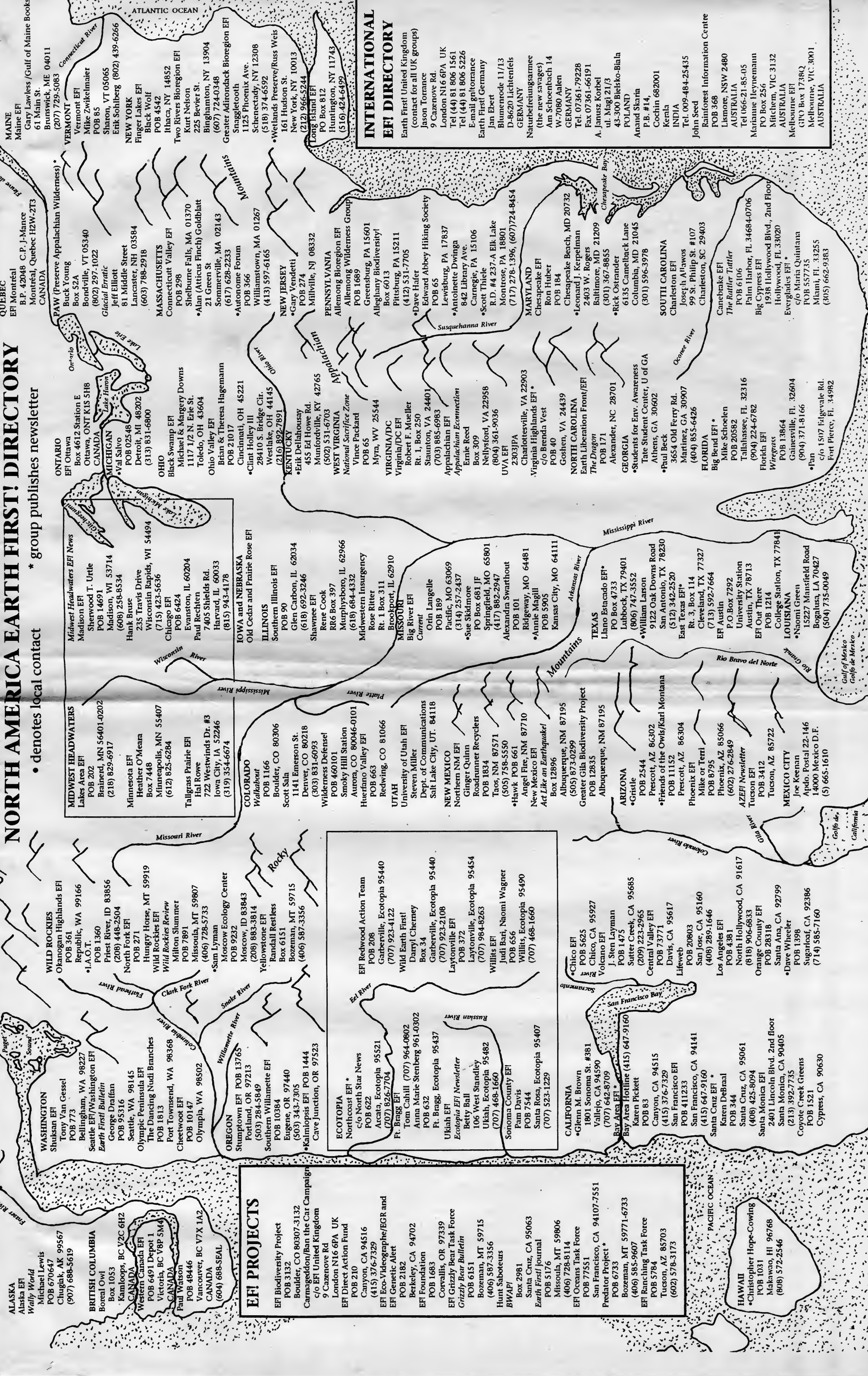
Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal provides a forum for Earth First!ers around the world. This directory is provided as a service to independent EF! groups. If you would like to be listed as a contact or as a group, or have address changes or corrections, contact Earth First!, Box 5176, Missoula, MT 59806, 406-728-8114.

LOCAL NEWSLETTERS: Addresses marked with a "*" produce either an Earth First! newsletter or regular mailings for their area or issue. Contact them directly to receive their newsletter or otherwise be on their mailing list.

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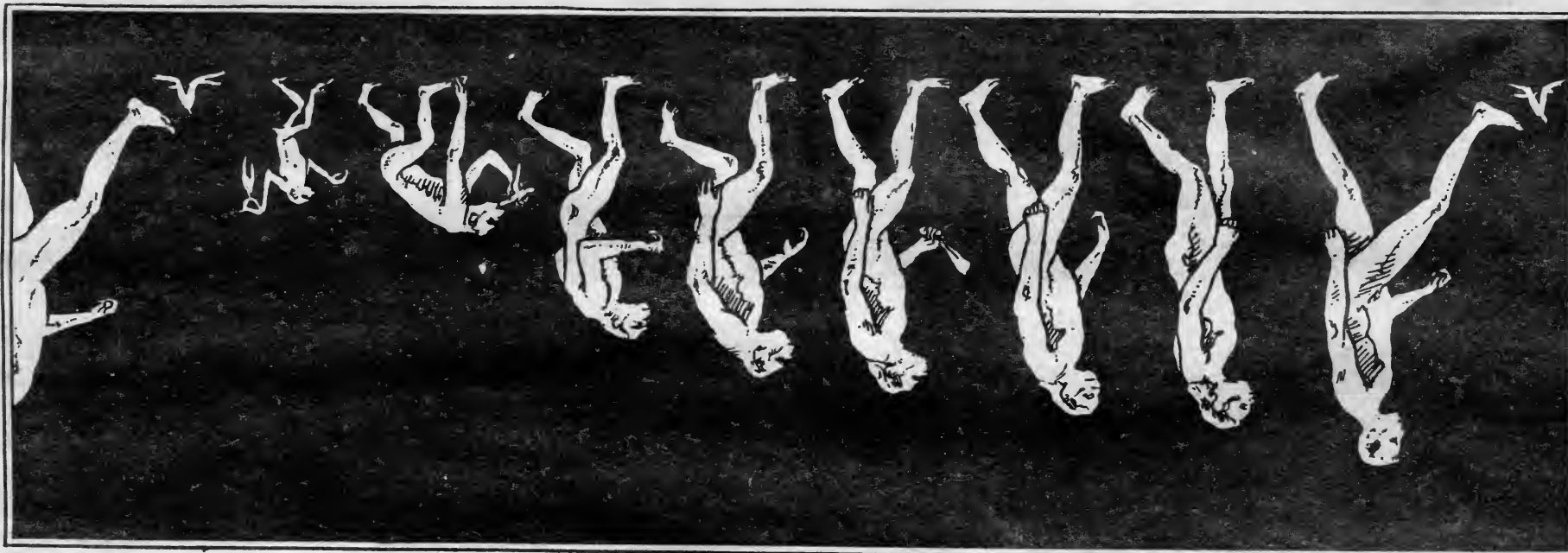
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